

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



ARCHITECT
MINORU YAMASAKI

VOL LXXXI NO. 3
(REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.)



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— WALTER WINCHELL

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— JOHN TOLAND, author of *But Not in Shame*

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One was Viet Cong guerrillas.

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TIME LISTINGS

CINEMA

Eclipse. The trouble with modern man, says Michelangelo Antonioni in most of his movies (*L'Avventura, La Notte*), is that he has gained the whole world and lost his own soul: the trouble with this picture, though it is certainly an effort of supreme style, is that Antonioni in his obsessive pessimism ignores an important fact of human life: a deep shadow can be cast only by a strong light.

David and Lisa. Shot for less than \$200,000 by a man and his wife (Director Frank and Scenarist Eleanor Perry) who had never made a movie before, tells the anguishing and tender story of two psychotic adolescents (Keir Dullea and Janet Margolin) who meet in the pit of madness and help each other to climb out.

Lawrence of Arabia. A handsome newcomer named Peter O'Toole is the star of this great big beautiful \$10 million spectacle—produced by Sam Spiegel and directed by David Lean—that describes the amazing adventures of the guerrilla genius of World War I, but the customers will find themselves more fascinated by the infinite billowing sea of golden sand that covers Arabia Deserta.

Freud. Director John Huston has turned out an intense, intelligent cinematograph on the early struggles of the papa of psychiatry. Montgomery Clift does fairly well as Freud, but sometimes looks more like a patient than a psychiatrist.

Electra. Director Cacoyannis has derived a beautiful and sometimes moving film from the play by Euripides.

Jumbo. Jimmy Durante and Martha Raye measure comic talents in this ponderous pachyderm of a picture—a \$5,000,000 screen version of the 1935 Broadway musical. Jimmy wins by a nose.

Two for the Seesaw. Shirley MacLaine is pretty funny in a pretty funny film version of William Gibson's Broadway comedy. Robert Mitchum is not.

Long Day's Journey into Night. Eugene O'Neill's play, one of the greatest of the century, is brought to the screen without significant changes and with a better than competent cast: Katharine Hepburn, Ralph Richardson, Jason Robards Jr. and Dean Stockwell.

TELEVISION

Wednesday, January 16

Russians: Self-Impressions (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.).* In dramatizations from the works of great Russian writers (Chekhov, Gogol, Dostoevsky, Turgenev, Pasternak), a cast including Jo Van Fleet, Kim Hunter and Sam Wanamaker attempts to give insights into the Russian character.

The Bob Hope Show (NBC, 9-10 p.m.) Highlights of Hope's Christmastime tour of military posts in the Pacific and the Far East.

Friday, January 18

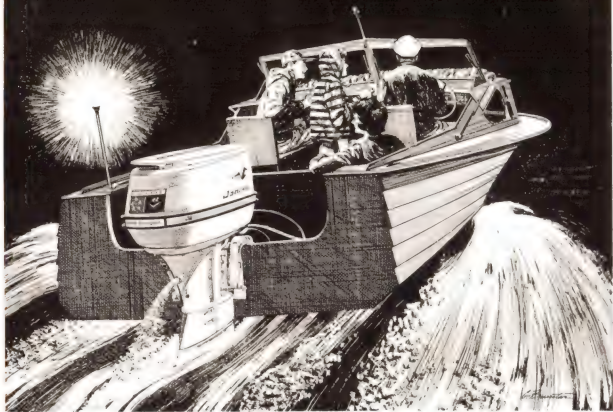
Eyewitness (CBS, 10:30-11 p.m.). The top news story of the week.

Saturday, January 19

Exploring (NBC, 12:30-1:30 p.m.) This week this excellent children's pro-

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gram has everything from a Finnish gymnastics team to a short history of American railroads, but particularly a reading of *Rumpelstiltskin* by Peter Ustinov.
Wide World of Sports (ABC, 5:30-6:30 p.m.). Ski championships from Aspen, Colo.

Sunday, January 20

Washington Report (CBS, 12:30-1 p.m.). Survey of the outstanding developments of the week.

Wild Kingdom (NBC, 3:30-4 p.m.). An examination of the various ways in which wild animals protect themselves.

Wonderful World of Golf (NBC, 4:5 p.m.). Still another new series in TV's current rush to spend millions of jack on par, this one pits American pros against foreign pros: Gene Littler v. Scotland's Eric Brown at Scotland's Gleneagles course in the premiere.

Update (NBC, 5:5-6:30 p.m.). Robert Abernethy's news program for teen-agers.

Meet the Press (NBC, 6-6:30 p.m.). Guest: General Lauris Norstad, retired SHAPE commander.

The Twentieth Century (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.). The great 1944 airdrop into Arnheim that was supposed to truncate the war but resulted in failure.

The Voice of Firestone (ABC, 10-10:30 p.m.). Guests: Mahalia Jackson, Franco Corelli, Jo Stafford.

Howard K. Smith (ABC, 10:30-11 p.m.). Outspoken commentary on the news.

Monday, January 21

David Brinkley's Journal (NBC, 10-10:30 p.m.). Strip mining in Pennsylvania.

Tuesday, January 22

Chet Huntley Reporting (NBC, 10:30-11 p.m.). A look at the University of Washington's College of Fisheries.

THEATER

On Broadway

Marcel Marceau is a stylish musician of motion, an exciting architect of empty space, an eloquent poet of silence. This matchless mime shares with the early Charlie Chaplin the knowledge that no matter how funny the pratfall, the heart is where the hurt is.

Never Too Late, by Sumner Arthur Long, gives birth to myth by lending mirth to birth, as fatherhood closes in on a 60-year-old lumber merchant. Paul Ford plays the morose papa-to-be, and the only straight face in the house is his.

Little Me has the spit-and-polish shine of painstaking professionalism. Everyone connected with this musical merits kudos, but the most prodigious comic labors of the evening are performed by Sid Caesar as the septempartite suitor of Belle Poitrine, the All-America showgirl.

Beyond the Fringe offers four young English anti-establishmentarians aiming blowgun darts of parody with poisonously amusing accuracy.

Tchin-Tchin owes more to Actors Anthony Quinn and Margaret Leighton than its script can quite repay. Trying to pick up the pieces of mutually shattered marriages, this sad-amusing absurdly incongruous pair find that the fragments are not worth keeping.

Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf? by Edward Albee, is a jolting, mesmeric, wittily savage theatrical experience. In this



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brilliantly devised night of marital horrors, Arthur Hill is monstrously intelligent and Uta Hagen is a power- and sex-hungry witch.

Off Broadway

The Dumbwaiter and The Collection. by Harold Pinter. In these two one-acters, Britain's most provocative dramatist puts his characters in an enigmatic rat's maze where they twist, turn and stumble, seeking each other and the truth with absurd and terrifying results.

A Man's a Man. by Bertolt Brecht. First produced in 1926, and excitingly performed in this Eric Bentley production, *Man* uncannily foreshadows the process of brainwashing, the loss of identity, and the kind of society where every man wears a mask to hide the face he hasn't got.

BOOKS

Best Reading

A Girl in Winter. by Philip Larkin. Layers of loneliness are peeled off with dexterity in this novel by one of England's finest poets.

The Sand Pebbles. by Richard McKenna. Writing his first novel at 49, an ex-Navy enlisted man tells how a ship's crew degenerates behind a façade of spit and polish, then finds itself again.

Against the American Grain. by Dwight Macdonald. In a series of engaging essays, a razor-witted critic cuts an assortment of U.S. cultural pretensions down to size.

Franz Kafka, Parable and Paradox. by Heinz Politzer. The most trenchant study to date of the strange writer in whose nightmarish parables of human alienation 20th century man has found a chilling portrait of himself.

The Conquest of London and The Middle Years. Vols. II and III of Henry James, by Leon Edel. A graceful and massive work (it will run to four volumes).

The Cape Cod Lighter. by John O'Hara. America's most celebrated short-story writer at work again in his old provincial stamping grounds—small-town New Jersey and Gibbsville, Pa.

Renoir, My Father. by Jean Renoir. Fond impressions of life with the great impressionist by his gifted son.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *Seven Days in May*, Knebel and Bailey (2, last week)
2. *Fail-Safe*, Burdick and Wheeler (1)
3. *A Shade of Difference*, Drury (3)
4. *Genius*, Dennis (4)
5. *Where Love Has Gone*, Robbins (7)
6. *The Cape Cod Lighter*, O'Hara (6)
7. *\$100 Misunderstanding*, Gover (9)
8. *The Thin Red Line*, Jones (10)
9. *Ship of Fools*, Porter (5)
10. *Deeply Beloved*, Lindbergh (8)

NONFICTION

1. *Travels with Charley*, Steinbeck (2)
2. *Silent Spring*, Carson (3)
3. *O Ye Jigs & Juleps!*, Hudson (1)
4. *My Life in Court*, Nizer (4)
5. *Happiness Is a Warm Puppy*, Schulz (7)
6. *The Points of My Compass*, White (5)
7. *The Rothschilds*, Morton (9)
8. *Letters from the Earth*, Twain (8)
9. *Final Verdict*, St. Johns (6)
10. *The Pyramid Climbers*, Packard (10)

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LETTERS

The People & the Pope

Sir: That article in *TIME* on Pope John and the scope of his work is so outstanding that it deserves a place as the Article of the Year; not that I have read all the rest of them, but I can recognize a unique breadth of feeling for the needs and the drifts of the times. I would like to know and shake hands with the chap who did it, but I won't ask any indiscreet questions.

ERNEST HOCKING

Madison, N.H.

► Like all *TIME* stories, the *Man of the Year* cover was the work of many hands. *Rome Correspondent Robert Piser* did much of the reporting; the writer was Edward L. Jamieson, and the editor William Forbitt.—Ed.

Sir: Your editors have achieved a masterly tour de force. The selection of the "Man" is dead right. As for the study on him, the most acute non-Catholic scrutiny cannot find anything to criticize or correct, but only to commend.

Of course, there are two dangers:

1. Exaggeration of the actual achieved results of Vatican II. A splendid beginning has been made, but, thus far, few definite decisions of fundamental character. The ultimate outcome probably depends upon John XXIII's continuing hand upon the helm and upon the abilities and determination of the progressive cardinals and bishops to continue a decisive role.

2. Thus far, there is little prospect of changes on the more intractable issues that divide Roman Catholics and their Protestant "separated brethren," e.g., papal infallibility, the traditional claim of apostolic succession, Mariolatry, increasing dependence of Catholic piety upon an increasing promulgation of miracles, saints, etc. Unless these issues are radically dealt with, the best hope is enlarging fellowship, conversation, and possibly limited cooperation between Catholics and non-Catholics; but no more than that.

(THE REV.) HENRY P. VAN DUSEN

President

Union Theological Seminary
New York City

Sir: Indeed you are right that the Pope is the Man of the Year. We are all grateful for the leadership that he is giving the world.

TED RICHARDSON
District Superintendent

The Methodist Church
San Antonio

Sir: The Vatican Council of 1962 may be the window that has been needed for Protestants and non-Christians to look into the Roman Catholic Church as it really is, as well as the means whereby the Roman Catholic Church can see the real world in which it finds itself.

TIME is to be commended for allowing the world to see a branch of the church on its best behavior. It is an example of what the church should constantly be doing in order that it really meet the needs of the world, which it is committed to serve.

(THE REV.) CARLTON BAUER

Evangelical United Brethren Church
Grey Eagle, Minn.

Sir: I believe that you have rendered a service to all of us in seeking to objectively discuss Vatican II. I would like to be as charitable as you toward John XXIII. I find myself,

however, obligated to reserve my judgment until the spiritual ruler of 527 million people tells 30 million of them (those in Spain) to restore to 30,000 of their non-Catholic countrymen their civil liberties. Until that time, any pretense at Christian charity can be only that: a pretense.

(THE REV.) DONALD DAUGHERTY

Church of Christ
Paris

Sir: In this age of enlightenment, when we thought we had outgrown the ignorance and superstition of the medieval centuries, it is hard to believe that half a billion people still cling to the Church of Rome and its corrupt hierarchy. And in America, of all places, where freedom from tyranny has been our great heritage, it is incomprehensible that anyone should wish to return to the servile systems of church-dominated countries. Yet it seems that most people, including some deluded Protestants, are falling over one another in their haste to lose their freedom. Your choice of Pope John as the Man of the Year is in keeping with this great step backward.

(THE REV.) C. MARVIN ANDERSEN

Del Aire Baptist Church
Hawthorne, Calif.

Sir: To most of the 64 million Protestants in the U.S., Pope John is not their Man of the Year. I strongly protest the use of *TIME* Magazine as a vehicle for the Roman Catholic Church.

JEAN C. LANE

Jersey City

Sir: Congratulations on making our beloved Pope John the Man of the Year. Of course we are prejudiced, but we also think that objectively you have shown good judgment. Nor do we think he minds sharing the honor with a man of another ilk, Khrushchev, in whom he finds some good and for whose people he prays and hopes for better things.

The cover on Pope John and the other on the council surpassing anything I've read in our own religious press.

SISTER MARY LAWRENCE, V.H.M.

Academy of the Visitation
St. Louis

Sir: While I am pleased to see that you have chosen Pope John XXIII Man of the Year, as an official of the Roman Curia I wish to point out that the statement that "the Curia clearly did not want it [the Vatican Council]" is not correct. In the first place,

it cannot be said that the Roman Curia is for or against anything, because it does not think or act as a body: it is made up of twelve congregations or offices, six other offices and three tribunals, each of which is separate from the others. Furthermore, by canonical definition, the congregations, which make up the bulk of the Curia, are composed of cardinals, many of whom do not reside in Rome. The statement that the Curia did not favor the council is misleading.

The only way your reporter could have known how the Curia stood on the council would have been to poll each member, and I am sure he did not do that. I, for one, know that after the Pope announced the council, the Curia cooperated magnificently in doing spadework (for its preparation).

(MSGR.) MARIO RIZZI

Sacred Congregation, Oriental Church
Rome

► Msgr. Rizzi's quarrel is not with *TIME* but with the dozens of priests, bishops, archbishops and cardinals who recognized the Curia's dilatory tactics.—Ed.

Taxes

Sir: As a native Arkansan (Fort Smith), I knew Wilbur Mills's father as an astute customer [Jan. 11]. If heritage means anything, Congressman Mills will exercise good business judgment. Will cutting taxes stimulate the economy? Will any new business demands risk before profit. And isn't all of life, economy included, a matter of trial and error? Wilbur Mills will minimize error. That is, if he takes after his dad.

LEWIS T. APPLE

Clayton, Mo.

Cuban Deal

Sir: The story on the Cuban prisoners, "How It Was Done" [Jan. 4], was most interesting. In the interest of accuracy I would like to point out that the performance bond on the Red Cross that constituted the final guarantee was issued by The Continental Insurance Co. of New York rather than our good competitor, Chicago's Continental Casualty.

N. DEKKER

Vice Chairman of the Board
The Continental Insurance Co.
New York City

Actor's Abode

Sir: I was surprised to find myself listed as a Swiss resident [Jan. 11] enjoying, if that is the word, U.S. tax exemption by living abroad. While I believe that movie people, like other Americans, are perfectly within their rights to live and work anywhere they please, the fact is I have never had Swiss

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residence or any other foreign residence. Only two of my last 12 pictures have had foreign locations, with U.S. taxes duly paid.

GREG PECK

Universal City, Calif.

Tight Situation

Sir

I do wish you wouldn't be so sloppy. A leotard [Jan. 4] covers the wearer from



LEOTARD ON LEOTARD & DANCER

shoulder to crotch exactly like a bathing suit, but with greater variety of neckline and sleeve length. Tights go under the leotard, stretch from waist to mid-calf, ankle, or all the way to the toe.

The leotard was invented by a French Victorian era trapeze artist who was proud of his manly figure and anxious to display it—his name was Jules Leotard. It was popularized as a garment for dancers by Boris Humphrey and other moderns—as opposed to ballet dancers, and only later adopted by ballet people as the ideal practice costume. (MRS.) PATRICIA MORROW MCKNIGHT Chicago

Sir

Having discovered tights at a deplorably advanced age and airth, I know that every word you say is true. But it is not the whole truth: a woman in tights feels that somebody loves her! I am ready to graduate from mouse-colored tights to Kelly green.

MRS. ROBERT B. GIFFEN

Savannah

Kudos

Sir

As U.S. distributors of Agence Europe, newsletter on the Common Market, this office received your article "Parochial Spy" [Dec. 7], dealing with this publication, with mixed feelings. While the report strongly emphasized the complete information contained in the publication, we thought that the methods described to obtain this information might raise eyebrows.

Our apprehension proved completely wrong. An avalanche of inquiries and orders from very large firms and individual researchers reached our office as well as the publication's headquarters in Luxembourg, which, of course, is highly gratifying.

KENNETH E. BEER

President

Manhattan Publishing Co.

New York City

Sir

We were most pleased to find Reed College the subject of a major piece in your Education section [Dec. 28].

Reed is just over a half-century old, young as colleges go. Since we cannot avoid some pride in the contributions the college has made to higher education and in the

performance of its alumni during its first 50 years, we especially appreciated the recognition by TIME of the college's achievements.

RICHARD H. SULLIVAN

President

Reed College

Portland, Ore.

Horoscopes

Sir

I certainly was quoted correctly in "Pro-feminists, not Facts" [Dec. 28], but my newspaper affiliation was not correct. I have been feature editor of Chicago's American, not of a rival afternoon publication, for 14 years. Please let me remain in my present status with a resurgent, progressive medium.

JOHN G. CAREY

Chicago's American

Chicago

Boston's Press

Sir

I was awfully pleased at the piece you did on my column in the Boston Herald [Jan. 4]. At the risk of seeming captious, however, I must say that I think you did the Herald an injustice when you described it as dreary. Not that there isn't a dreary paper in this town, but it is the Christian Science Monitor, which is dull, dull, dull—and such a sacred cow, such a status symbol, that though people cannot stand it, they nevertheless call it a great newspaper. It's a terrible bore, really. The same cannot be said of the Herald.

GEORGE FRAZIER

Boston

Sir

How can TIME say "Boston papers rank among the dreariest in the land, a reputation enriched every year." Every year Boston's Christian Science Monitor is ranked among the top newspapers in the U.S.

ARNOLD HIMMELBERGER

Wellesley Hills, Mass.

Sir

George Frazier is everything you say he is (and so, I might add, is the "dreary" Boston newspaper situation). However, unless St. George is also a schizophrenic, how could he call Mickey Mantle an "untucked nut"? In one of his July columns, Mr. Frazier wrote "Mantle has such grit and gallantry as to suffuse the summery sarabands of baseball with so singular a splendor." The column ends with: "I would that my sons grow up to have the frankness and my right such magic." Please explain.

MOSES M. BERLIN

Sierra Vista, Ariz.

► Frazier explains, "A nut untucked is a nut no more. Mickey Mantle acquired class after he became up to the majors. He was a nut when he started, but he has grown up stature to where he's a gracious man—and he plays a graceful game." —Ed

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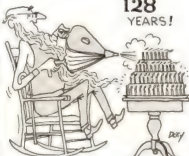


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A letter from the PUBLISHER

Bernard M. Auer

THERE are many definitions of news, and none of them totally satisfactory. But in practice, news is apt to be what an editor thinks his readers will be interested in, out of all that is going on. For some editors this means serving up mostly politics, sports, crime and a smattering of foreign troubles. TIME has spent its 40 years trying to widen the definition of what's interesting and is pleased to find other editors now reporting the news in science, medicine, religion and education that was once so widely ignored. The more others do it, the more TIME is stimulated to try to do better.

But there is one important area of news where, outside the smaller and respected professional journals, TIME finds the field left largely to itself. This is in architecture. We are passing through one of the greatest building periods of all times (how many great buildings are being built is another matter). TIME has no section devoted to architecture but pays much attention to it. Art considers the esthetic impact of architecture, and celebrates the top practitioners; Business treats of architecture as it is reflected on the economically flourishing skyline; Modern Living explores the quirks and comforts of living in contemporary architecture. Our coverage has ranged from palaces to apartments, from skyscrapers to chapels. Over the years, TIME covers have covered the top newsmakers of the field, from Ralph Adams Cram, the Gothic worshiper, back in 1926, through Frank Lloyd Wright in 1933, to this week's cover on Minoru Yamasaki.

In color spreads we have directed attention to the best works of such gifted contemporaries as Mies van der Rohe, Breuer, Gropius, Saarinen, Rudolph, Belluschi and Nervi. Architects themselves seem highly mindful of TIME's role in bringing architecture to a wider public. Gordon Bunshaft, the man who gave a lift to Manhattan's Park Avenue with his famous postwar Lever House, says, "There are times when we don't know whether we're working for a client or for TIME."

Senior Editor Cranston Jones, who is in charge of color projects for TIME, has written much about architecture for us, as well as three books on the subject. Art Editor Bruce Barton, who wrote the Le Corbusier cover story (May 5, 1961), this week takes up the work and personality of Yamasaki, who is trying to put back the beauty that he thinks Le Corbusier took out of architecture.

ART made another kind of news in Washington last week, and in two pages of fast-closing color in The Nation section, TIME shows a famous lady, greeted by some well-known and scrutable smiles.

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WRIGHT, 1938



SAARINEN, 1956



STONE, 1958



LE CORBUSIER, 1961



He's a young man on the way up—he's really going places. His rising earning power promises a good life for his family—an attractive home . . . advantages and opportunities for his children . . . comforts for his wife and himself.

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THE NATION

STATE OF THE UNION The Overshadowing Issue

The *Mona Lisa* was not the only thing being unveiled around Washington. In his State of the Union message, as prepared for delivery to Congress this week, President Kennedy finally took the wraps off his new tax program. It turned out to be quite a package.

The President wanted a cut of no less than \$13.5 billion in U.S. income tax

retroactive to Jan. 1, 1963. Recognizing the legislative tempest that tax reform inevitably raises, he suggested that reforms need not go into effect until next year.

The President based his plea for the tax changes on the premise that the nation should not be satisfied with merely recovering from a recession, that its economy is capable of much faster growth, higher production and bigger profits than it is now experiencing. And he left no doubt on just how he rates this issue in

though he recognized that Allies will always differ in some respects (*see following story*). Said Kennedy: "The unity of freedom has never relied on uniformity of opinion."

Kennedy saw at least two hopeful developments on the world scene. One was that the nonaligned nations now view the U.S. more favorably because of its actions in Cuba, the India-China war, the Congo and on disarmament. The other involves the increasing strains in the Com-



PRESIDENT KENNEDY BRIEFING CONGRESSIONAL LEADERS ON STATE OF THE UNION*

*We cannot lead if we cease to set the pace at home.

rates. Of this, some \$11 billion would come by lowering the rates for individual taxpayers. At present those who have taxable incomes of not more than \$2,000 a year pay 20%, and those who are in the over \$200,000 bracket pay 91%, with intermediate rates between these extremes. Kennedy's plan would shift this range from 14% for those who report not over \$1,000, to a high of 64%. The rest of Kennedy's cut would be produced by lowering the corporate rates by 5%—from the present 52% to 47%.

Only some \$5 billion of this tax loss would be offset by the rest of the package. Various closing of tax loopholes and corrections of inequities, which Kennedy did not spell out, would recover \$3.5 billion. A shift in the timing of corporate tax payments would yield another \$1.5 billion—at least in bookkeeping terms.

Faster Growth. Without going into many specifics on timing, President Kennedy recommended that the reduction be stretched out over three years. He asked the Congress to begin applying the cuts this year. But he did not repeat his earlier contention that a tax reduction should be

his 1963 legislative program. Said he: "I am convinced that the enactment this year of tax reduction and tax reform overshadows all other domestic problems in this Congress. For we cannot lead for long the cause of peace and freedom if we ever cease to set the pace at home."

This quite clearly placed the priority on his tax plans high above such domestic programs as medical care for the aged, the improvement of mass transportation, aid to education and schemes for aiding the employment of youth. But his State of the Union message made bows to all of these, promised more specific details in later messages to Congress. The President also urged the creation of a domestic Peace Corps—a catch-basin for idealism at home (*see EDUCATION*).

Sharing the Burdens. In arguing that the U.S. must become stronger at home if it is to meet its commitments abroad, Kennedy could logically repeat his plea to U.S. Allies that they must do more to share the burdens of freedom—borne so heavily for so long by the U.S. Beyond such sharing, the Western alliance must work toward greater unity, he said, even

though he recognized that Allies will always differ in some respects (*see following story*). Said Kennedy: "The unity of freedom has never relied on uniformity of opinion."

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* From left: Iowa's Bouke Hickel, Georgia's Richard Russell, House Minority Leader Charles Halleck, Vice President Lyndon Johnson, Senate Minority Leader Everett Dirksen (hidden behind Johnson), Massachusetts' Leverett Saltonstall, Pennsylvania's Thomas Morgan, California's Thomas Kuchel, Illinois' Leslie Arends, Oklahoma's Carl Albert, Louisiana's Hale Boggs, Georgia's Carl Vinson, House Speaker John McCormack, Secretary of State Dean Rusk, the President, Defense Secretary Robert McNamara, CIA Director John McCone, Minnesota's Hubert Humphrey.

well as our own. For 175 years we have sailed with those winds at our back and with the tides of human freedom in our favor. Today we still welcome those winds of change—and we have every reason to believe that our tide is running strong."

THE PRESIDENCY

A Conviction of Correctness

About to begin his third year in office President Kennedy looked well—and felt good about his job.

Physically, he stays at a trim 175 pounds. He churns twice daily through the



DEAN RUSK



FRANCIS ALPHAND

There are rare gasp-sparking moments when nobody can be heard.

White House swimming pool without any sign of back twinges; he races through long processions of visitors without weariness, and occasionally even complains that there aren't more.

Mentally, Kennedy is clearly filled with confidence about his presidency. It showed in the tone of his State of the Union message; and it showed in his White House meeting last week with the leaders of Congress; he gave them only the barest outline of what he planned to say in the State of the Union message, generally treated them with a coolness that suggested they might represent some foreign power. It was almost as if F.D.R. were in that rocking chair.

The Kennedy confidence is also plainly apparent in his recent conduct of foreign policy. He led the U.S. into confrontation with Khrushchev over Cuba without consulting the nation's Allies. His

decision to cancel the Skybolt missile program, upon which Britain had based its nuclear hopes, was independently made and brusquely carried out. He thinks it is nonsense for U.S. Allies to want independent nuclear forces, although he has not yet convinced—if that is the word—France's Charles de Gaulle of this.

Last week the White House released part of the transcript of a "background only" Kennedy press session held at Palm Beach on New Year's Eve. Although Prime Minister Harold Macmillan remained calm about it, at least one passade had Britons and other Allies fuming. Said Kennedy of the U.S. and its relations with allied nations: "I think too often in the



MME. ALPHAND

THE CAPITAL

Keep Smiling

To some scoffers, the nation's capital is the city of the hard nose, the tough work and the political thumb in the eye. But last week it became, for a few exalted hours, something much different. This was the occasion of the unveiling of Da Vinci's *Mona Lisa*, lent by France to the U.S. for a few precious weeks.* It required something special—and that was what it got.

The evening began in the candlelit dining room at the French embassy. There, Ambassador and Madame Hervé Alphand were hosts at a dinner and a tableau that was worthy of Da Vinci himself. At the table sat President and Mrs. Kennedy, most of the President's brothers and sisters, France's Minister of Culture André Malraux, Vice President Lyndon Johnson and Lady Bird, the entire U.S. Cabinet, the Ed Murrows, the McGeorge Bundys, the Averell Harrimans, Columnists Joe Alsop and Walter Lippmann, and the National Gallery's Director John Walker.

Porto et Paires. Renowned in Washington not only for her looks and her style, but for her abilities as a hostess, Madame Alphand turned out a dinner that had Francophiles kissing their finger tips in joy. It was, in short, *les works*: a delicate *foie gras* from Landes, a *filet de boeuf Charolais sous la cendre garni renaissance*, accompanied by a profound *Château Géraud-Larose en magnum 1952*; an unassuming little hearts-of-lettuce salad with mimosa dressing. And for a wind-up, *poires Mona Lisa*—poached pears, swaddled in hot chocolate sauce, bundled into a pastry shell—trailed by a superb *Dom Prignon 1955*. The Ambassador toasted President Kennedy, President Kennedy toasted President De Gaulle, John Walker toasted the *Mona Lisa*.

By the time the party set out for the National Gallery, more than 1,000 other guests had been jammed, black-tied and begowned, into the West Sculpture Hall. There the painting, encased in bulletproof glass, hung waiting for the official introduction. Most people couldn't see a thing except other people. The guests shuffled grumpily. Women slipped off their toe-squeezing high-heeled shoes, and one Southern Senator asked his wife if she wanted him to "go up and shake hands" with Lisa. Red Cross aides took their positions and waited gravely for the Gallery to be declared a disaster area.

Poor Women. At last, the presidential party arrived. As the President and Mrs. Kennedy stepped into the elevator that was to take them one flight up to the West Hall, the elevator operator panicked. The sight of Jackie Kennedy, elegantly coiffed and exquisitely draped in a pink strapless creation, was perhaps too much for the man. In any event, his thumb froze on the stop button, the elevator never got

* It will be on display in Washington until Feb. 2, and at Manhattan's Metropolitan Museum of Art from Feb. 7 to March 4.



THE MOST FAMOUS PAINTING IN THE WORLD, said French Minister of Cultural Affairs André Malraux in introducing *Mona Lisa*, Leonardo da Vinci's 450-year-old masterpiece.

Assembled to greet her in the National Gallery was a crush of the capital's topflight society, headed by First Lady, gowned in Empire-styled pink chiton and wearing smile uniquely her own.

PHOTOGRAPH BY GUY ALOU/GETTY IMAGES



DAZZLING DEBUT of DaVinci's masterpiece saw line-up of notables, with Mme. Malraux in black velvet and pearls (left). Lyndon Johnson in white tie and blue tails (right).

RARE AND SPARKLING, said Dean Rusk of gala occasion, although few got close enough for a good look. Next day, first of million viewers queued up at National Gallery.



off the ground, and the Kennedys finally decided to walk upstairs.

When the ceremonies began, the specially rigged loudspeaker system proved to be totally ineffective. For the rest of the evening, the only people who heard anything were the speakers. Secretary of State Dean Rusk, standing in for Chief Justice Earl Warren, who was ill, opened the proceedings. "There are rare and sparkling moments which capture the imagination of an entire people," said he, "and this is one of them." From André Malraux came a graceful and civilized tribute. "Here, then," said he, "is the most famous painting in the world, Mysterious glory which does not derive from genius alone. Other illustrious portraits can be compared to this one. But every year a few poor deluded women think they are Mona Lisa, yet not one ever thinks she is a figure by Raphael, by Titian or by Rembrandt. . . . There has been talk of the risks this painting took by leaving the Louvre. They are real, though exaggerated. But the risks taken by the boys who landed one day at Arramanches² to say nothing of those who had preceded them 25 years before—were much more certain. To the humblest among them, who may be listening to me now, I want to say, without raising my voice, that the masterpiece to which you are paying historic homage this evening, Mr. President, is a painting which he has saved."

Affectionate Irreverence. From the back of the room came a rising chorus of complaints from the spectators who could not hear. Rusk tried to rescue the situation with a few good-humored words. "The acoustics in the room are so good" said he, "that the private remarks made in the rear are amplified in the front."

Nobody heard him. But Jack Kennedy is not the sort to be defeated by a weak amplifying system. Shouting as though he were on the West Virginia campaign stump, he recalled the longtime bonds between the U.S. and France, praised France as the "leading artistic power in the world." In view of the recent meeting at Nassau, I must note further that this painting has been kept under careful French control, and that France has even sent along its own commander in chief, M. Malraux, and I want to make it clear that grateful as we are for this painting, we will continue to press ahead with the effort to develop an independent artistic force and power of our own."

The Eternal Feminine. With that, the historic meeting ended and everyone departed, leaving the *Mona Lisa* with Secret Service men and a pair of Marine guards. Next day the gallery doors opened to a rush of citizens eager to see the great painting. Soon from Winston-Salem, N.C., came 36 art lovers who had chartered a plane to Washington and had a representation of the *Mona Lisa* painted on the fuselage. In Memphis and French Camp, Miss., in Myrtle Beach, S.C., in New Orleans and New London, Conn.,

other people made plans for pilgrimages.

As to that, it remained for Art Critic-Author André Malraux to venture his own explanation of La Gioconda's famous smile. Said he: "The antiquity which Italy revived proposed an idealization of forms. But the world of classical statues, being a world without sight, was also a world without a soul. Sight, soul, spirituality—that was Christian art and Leonardo had found this illustrious smile for the face of the Virgin. Using it to transfigure a protane countenance, Leonardo gave to woman's soul that idealization which Greece had given to her features. The mortal being with the divine gaze triumphs over the sightless goddesses. It is the first expression of what Goethe was to call 'the Eternal Feminine.'"

Democratic side were packed almost beyond breathing. Up in the gallery, Joan Kennedy, seated with Rose Kennedy, dabbed at her eyes with a handkerchief while Husband Teddy was sworn in. Later, Teddy announced it as his aim to stay "out of the limelight, out of the headlines and out of the swimming pool."

Waiting for the Strongholds. Some old enmities were forgotten in the spirit of the occasion. Ohio's Democratic Senator Stephen Young, who four years ago refused to be escorted down the aisle by Frank Lausche, gritted his teeth and accompanied his re-elected colleague for the oath taking. The Senate erupted in applause when Arizona's Carl Hayden, 85, walked toward Vice President Lyndon Johnson to take the oath for the seventh



HOUSE SPEAKER MCCORMACK (CENTER) AT OPENING SESSION
The niceties were observed; the enmities were postponed.

THE CONGRESS New & Nice

The 87th Congress died bitterly, but the 88th convened in a climate of sweetness and light. The Senate postponed its customary opening filibuster until after the President's State of the Union message this week. The House whisked past its Rules Committee disagreement so fast that nobody really had time to get mad. Of course, all the friendship would not last long—but while it did it was nice.

Families jammed the galleries to watch the swearing in of the new House (258 Democrats, 176 Republicans and one vacancy) and of 40 new and re-elected members of the Senate. Half a dozen Congressmen had their children with them on the floor, and one little boy proudly raised his right hand along with his father. In the Senate, Republicans had at least one consolation for their loss of three places in the last elections: their 33 members could sprawl comfortably in their seats while the 67 desks on the

time. There was more applause when Hawaii's Republican Hiram Fong draped a lei around the neck of his colleague, Democrat Daniel Inouye.

The good humor extended to the reelection of House and Senate officers. Republicans routinely put up Leader Charles Halleck to contest Massachusetts' John McCormack for Speaker. McCormack, of course, won on a straight party-line vote. In his acceptance speech jokingly noted that he had been behind in the early returns but emerged victorious when "the Democratic strongholds came in."

Time Off for Families. Similarly, in the Senate, Republicans put up Vermont's George Aiken for president pro tempore. In nominating Aiken, G.O.P. Leader Everett Dirksen noted that the Vermonters' middle name is David. Cried Ev: "I am confident that he will be like his namesake David of old who reached into the brook of Elah, and there found smooth stones for his slingshot with which to humble Goliath. In the same spirit, George Aiken will reach into the brook of

² Actually the Bay of Arramanches, near Arcachon.



RULES CHAIRMAN SMITH (CENTER) & NEWSMEN
The fears were not well founded.

Elah, wherever it may be in Vermont, and with smooth stones vanquish all the philistine forces of evil which either threaten or jeopardize this Republic." Whereupon the Senate re-elected Carl Hayden as president pro tempore.

What business did go on in Congress last week concerned mainly its own affairs. Democratic Majority Leader Mike Mansfield announced a proposal to take a one- or two-month recess in summer or early fall so that Senators could "be with their children and recognize their wives in the daytime." Both branches bartered for places on important committees. Dirksen revealed that he is trying for a junior seat on the Finance Committee; House Democrats avidly eyed two Ways and Means Committee seats that could be highly important to the Administration's programs. Finally, with smiles on their faces and friendship in their hearts, the members of Congress ceremoniously appointed contingents to inform the President of the United States that they were in session and "ready to receive any communication."

Escape from Emasculation?

"On this vote," intoned Speaker John McCormack, "there are 235 in the affirmative." Before McCormack could announce the negative vote of 106, House Democrats exploded in applause. For the House, heeding the urgent pleas of President Kennedy, had just decided to keep the membership of its key Rules Committee at 15, with liberals presumably in control.

Had the House not voted in that fashion, Rules would have reverted to a membership of twelve. With a six-six standoff between conservatives and liberals. Conservative Chairman Howard Smith of Virginia was often able to keep liberal legislation from a floor vote. President Kennedy claimed that such a committee would

"emasculate" the whole New Frontier program.

Presto Chango. Two years ago, the matter of expanding the Rules Committee from twelve to 15 had been fought out on the same issues. That time the Administration won by a mere five votes, even though then-Speaker Sam Rayburn used all his massive artillery in the battle. This time victory came with what seemed to be presto-chango ease.

For one thing, 28 Republicans voted with the Administration and against Minority Leader Charlie Halleck's point-blank opposition to the expanded Rules Committee. These Republicans, mostly younger ones, were tired of allowing the Administration to blame its legislative defeats on the "obstructionist" G.O.P.-Southern Democrat coalition on the Rules Committee. They preferred to let Administration bills come on to the floor—and then try to beat the legislation in a House that is nearly three fifths Democratic.

The Administration also won some Southern Democratic votes. In 1961 eight of Georgia's ten Representatives voted with Judge Smith. This year all ten went with the Administration. The chief reason for the switch: Speaker McCormack's lieutenants had let it be known that, in return for Georgia's cooperation on the Rules fight, a highly coveted vacancy on the powerful Ways and Means Committee might go to Georgian Phil Landrum, 53.

Little Change. Beyond that, the Administration picked up votes from the Florida contingent, and two North Carolinians joined Harold Cooley, dean of their delegation, in switching their votes from 1960. Explained Cooley: "My fears of two years ago were apparently not very well founded."

Cooley's fears then were that a liberalized Rules Committee would mean that a hatch of New Frontier legislation would be waved through the House. They were

certainly not very well founded. Even as expanded, the Rules Committee in the 87th Congress held up 24 bills, including Administration proposals on an urban-affairs department, a mass-transit act, broad federal aid to education, and a youth-conservation corps. More important, other priority Administration bills were either bottled up in other committees or defeated on the House floor.

All that happened in a lopsidedly Democratic House, and there is small reason to suppose that things will be much different this year.

Signs & Portents

Everyone can agree that House G.O.P. Leader Charlie Halleck is a fearsome, toe-to-toe political slugger. But to a lot of young House Republicans, this is not nearly enough. They complain that Halleck opposes for the sake of opposing, refuses to consider constructive G.O.P. alternatives to Democratic programs and thus contributes to a negative Republican image. It has got so bad that these young Republicans do not even think "The Ev and Charlie Show" is funny.

A couple of weeks ago, some of the unhappy Republicans among them New York's Charles E. Goodell, 36, and Michigan's Robert Griffin, 30, had lunch together. They had planned to discuss possible labor legislation, but the conversation inevitably turned to criticism of the G.O.P.'s House leadership.

The rank-and-filers then hit upon a fascinating statistic: of the 176 Republican Representatives soon to convene in the 88th Congress, a majority of 96 would have six years seniority or less. Among these, almost certainly, could be found a sizable nucleus for rebellion against Halleck's entrenched leadership.

For a while the insurgents thought of trying to oust Charlie himself, but then realized that they did not have that much



REPUBLICANS HALLECK & FORD
Ev and Charlie aren't funny.

influence. They talked of moving against Illinois' Les Arends, the G.O.P. whip; that idea also was discarded. Finally they decided to zero in on Iowa's Charles Hoeven, 67, chairman of the House Republican Conference. Their candidate to replace Hoeven: Michigan's Gerald Ford Jr., 49, a former University of Michigan football star who has become a recognized House expert in defense appropriations.

With silent in-fighting skill that even Charlie Halleck must have admired, the rebels set about rounding up votes; they found them among Republicans of all ideological shades. When House Republicans finally caucused last week, the insurgents were in command: they elected Ford over Hoeven by a vote of 86 to 78, won seven new seats for themselves on the House Republican Policy Committee.

Although elated over their victory, the junior Republicans publicly insisted that they had not really been acting against Halleck or Arends. "What we tried to do," said one, "was to strengthen Charlie's position and at the same time shake the foundation under his feet. It all depends. I think, on how Charlie reads the signs and portents." Ex-Chairman Hoeven thought he could read signs and portents quite clearly. Said he of the rebels: "They're going after Mr. Halleck and Mr. Arends in due time."

More Methodists

Among members of the 88th Congress, a Congregationalist is likely to be a Republican (19 to 5) and a Baptist is likely to be a Democrat (49 to 12)—but there are plenty of Methodists for both parties. With 102 Senators and Representatives, Methodists have passed Roman Catholics as the largest religious group in Congress for the first time since 1959. Congress also has a Schwenkfeldian, a Cumberland Presbyterian and a Seventh-Day Baptist—and six members who give no affiliation at all. The figures:

Methodist	102
Roman Catholic	99
Presbyterian	81
Baptist	61
Episcopalian	60
Congregationalist	24
Lutheran	17
Other Protestant	73
Jewish	11

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Good for a Million

The call came in late December from Attorney General Robert Kennedy to an old family friend in Boston. Said Bobby: "Castro wants an extra \$2,900,000, and everybody wants to get the prisoners home to Miami by Christmas." Said the friend: "I'm all for that." Asked Kennedy: "Can you help out toward that \$2,900,000?" Replied the friend: "I'll call you back in an hour." He was as good as his word: within an hour, Boston's Richard Cardinal Cushing had pledged to raise \$1,000,000 to help achieve the release of the Bay of Pigs prisoners.

Only last week did Cardinal Cushing

identify himself as the mysterious benefactor whom Bobby had called. He was doing so, he said, to stop "rumors crediting this gift as coming from sources with which I have no identification." Declared Cushing: "I alone am responsible for the collection of this extraordinary sum."

Person to Person. Bobby had good reason to think he could depend on Cushing. The cardinal has known Joseph P. Kennedy for 25 years; old Joe managed to say his first words after his paralytic stroke last winter when Cushing visited him in Palm Beach. Cushing baptized Caroline Kennedy, both of Teddy's chil-



CARDINAL CUSHING
"I alone am responsible."

dren and one of Bobby's sons; he also delivered a memorably lengthy invocation at Kennedy's inauguration.

When the request from Bobby came, Cushing went to work. Already earmarked for Cuba was \$200,000 raised by Cushing at the time of the tractors-for-prisoners proposal and set aside when that deal fell through. Moreover, in each of the past five years Cushing has raised at least \$1,000,000 for the Society of St. James the Apostle, which sends missionaries to Latin America. It was from society benefactors that Cushing sought the money for the prisoner exchange. He "worked day and night, through person-to-person contacts." The largest single donation was only \$1,000—but the money was obtained. "Like many others," Cushing explained simply, "I, too, wanted the prisoners home with their loved ones before Christmas Day."

Covering the Loan. Castro's \$2,900,000 demand (retired General Lucius Clay underwrote the rest) had been in addition to the \$53 million he was getting in drugs, food and other goods in exchange for the prisoners. Last week the list of donors to that \$53 million was being filled out; some companies had given or pledged more than they had been listed for in previous, partial lists (TIME, Jan. 11). Among them: American Cyanamid Corp., Pearl River, N.Y., \$3,300,000 (instead of

the previously reported \$1,000,000); Richardson-Merrill, N.Y.C., \$1,337,000 (instead of \$155,000); Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, N.J., \$1,011,000 (instead of \$350,000); Abbott Laboratories, North Chicago, listed as contributing an undisclosed amount, gave about \$1,000,000; and H. J. Heinz Co., Pittsburgh, which was omitted from previous lists, gave \$1,000,000.

A separate check of 25 of the nation's largest companies turned up a goodly number that pledged money to cover the quick cash loan signed by General Clay. Among them: Standard Oil Co. (N.J.), N.Y.C., \$100,000; Tetaco Inc., N.Y.C., \$100,000; Ford Motor Co. Fund, Dearborn, Mich., a nonprofit corporation supported by Ford Motor Co., \$100,000; Sony Mobil Oil Co., N.Y.C., \$25,000; Morgan Guaranty Trust Co., N.Y.C., \$10,000; Dallas Clearing House Association, \$10,000; and Shell Oil Co., N.Y.C., an undisclosed amount. General Motors Corp. was reported to have given \$150,000 but declined to confirm the contribution.

The Kennedy Administration, which has nudged and guided the ransom payments throughout, made its first direct contribution when the Agriculture Department released 5,000,000 lbs. of dried skim milk from its store of 500 million lbs. for shipment to Castro. Eventually, the dried milk shipments are expected to reach 20 million lbs.—an estimated \$5,000,000 worth. The donation of surplus foods to charity for overseas shipment, explained the department, has been a regular practice. Besides, repayment is expected from the Cuban Families Committee—some day.

The Troops Remain. While the ransom shipments continued to flow into Cuba, the U.S. and Russia announced in a United Nations declaration that formal negotiations between the two powers on Cuba had been suspended, leaving unresolved U.S. demands for on-site inspection of missile removal and Soviet demands for a no-invasion pledge. Sterling J. Cottrell, a Foreign Service career officer who has headed a policy task force on U.S. operations in Viet Nam, was named coordinator of U.S. policy toward Cuba.

A period of diplomatic quiet had thus settled over the Cuba situation. But upward of 20,000 Soviet troops remain in Cuba. For so long as they do—and for so long as Castro remains in power—Cuba will still be a crisis point.

DEFENSE

The Lesson

When the U.S. scrubbed its air-to-ground Skybolt missile, many reasons were given, but one of the most prominent was that it had flunked its early flight tests. One weakness in such reasoning has recently been demonstrated by a flurry of failures in tests of the land-based Titan and Minuteman missiles—upon which the U.S. is still depending heavily.

Three out of the last five Minuteman

tests have been at least partial failures. One exploded just after launching, two others failed to achieve their scheduled flight range. In addition, the latest test of the advanced Titan II also fell short of its distance goal. Overall, the Minuteman test record is 18 successes, four partial successes, six failures. The Titan record is 45 successes, 15 partial successes, four failures. The lesson: it takes more than a few flights to judge a missile.

OKLAHOMA

Life Begins at 37

"I doubt that I'll ever seek public office again," Oklahoma's Democratic Governor J. Howard Edmondson sourly told a reporter. "I've had enough." But that was several months ago. Last week Edmondson, 37, showed just how completely he had changed his mind. Only eight days before he was to give way to the first Republican Governor in Oklahoma history, Edmondson resigned from office.



SENATOR EDMONDSON
A choice of himself.

had his lieutenant governor name him to the U.S. Senate vacancy caused by the death of Robert Kerr.

In his four years as Governor, Edmondson managed to become about as unpopular a chief executive as Oklahoma ever had. On taking office, he kept his campaign promise to end Oklahoma's half-century of Prohibition; that enraged the state's substantial dry minority. He set up a withholding system for state income tax and a merit system for state employees, pushed for legislative reapportionment and a dilution of the powers of county commissioners. Such reforms did not endear him to the regular Democratic organization.

Beyond all that, many Oklahomans became suspicious of Edmondson's personal ways. He preferred Scotch and soda to bourbon and water. Although admittedly broke when he became Governor, he built himself a \$70,000 home, borrowing most of the money on his future potential as a lawyer. On a visit to Chicago last year, he was arrested for speeding; a local TV weather girl was with him at the time. He

made no bones about favoring his political pals with lucrative state jobs, said matter-of-factly: "The money is there to hand out, and I'm sure not going to give it to my enemies." He became a favorite of Bobby Kennedy's, traveled several times to Washington to visit with the clan; at one party, he was even dunked in the famed swimming pool along with his dance partner, Mrs. Pierre Salinger.

Banned by the state constitution from seeking re-election, blamed by many Democrats for wrecking the party to the point that Republican Henry Bellmon was elected Governor, Edmondson thus had considerable cause to talk about retiring from politics. But Kerr's death enabled him to prolong his political career for at least two more years, when he must go to the voters. Among those already announced against him: Kerr's son, Robert Jr., 26, an Oklahoma City attorney.

MINNESOTA

One for the Courts

The recount for Minnesota's governorship was at last complete—but the winner's circle was still too crowded. Republicans claimed that Incumbent Elmer L. Andersen had been re-elected by 102 votes; Democrats insisted that Lieutenant Governor Karl Rolvaag won by 164.

Particularly at issue were 358 ballots that had been marked not only for Andersen or Rolvaag, but also for one William Bratz, gubernatorial candidate of Minnesota's Industrial Government Party. If these were included in the major candidates' totals, Rolvaag would be the winner; if they were thrown out, Andersen would stay in office.

The contested ballots are to be submitted to a panel of three district court judges; whatever the panel decides, the loser is almost certain to take the issue to the state Supreme Court. Until it reaches a decision, Elmer Andersen remains Governor—on about as precarious a political perch as ever existed anywhere.

CALIFORNIA

Big Daddy's \$10 Bills

No sooner had Democrats swept California than they set to fighting among themselves. The main antagonists: Assembly Speaker Jesse Unruh, ham-fisted leader of California's Democratic professionals, and former National Committee-man Paul Ziffren, a Beverly Hills tax lawyer who drives a silver Rolls-Royce but thinks in proletarian terms. The stakes: the Democratic nomination for Governor, if Pat Brown decides not to run, in 1966.

Unruh would like very much to get that nomination. Ziffren does not want it for himself, but he is determined that it go to someone who looks more kindly than Unruh on the California Democratic Council, a group of some 75,000 volunteers who work feverishly at election time but have little power in regular party circles. Shortly after the 1962 elections,



PROFESSIONAL UNRUH
A choice of methods.

Ziffren said: "We are going to have a power struggle for the governorship—that's inevitable. Therefore, let it be on a worthwhile issue. Unruh has made the issue, payroll politics v. citizen participation."

Ziffren was talking about Unruh's immensely successful use of \$100,000 in party funds to pay get-out-the-vote workers for Brown against Nixon in the Los Angeles area. Claiming that Unruh may have violated a California law, Ziffren took his case to the press. Said he: "I don't like the picture of an armored truck driving up to Democratic headquarters with more than \$100,000 in \$10 bills. That's not the symbol of the party that many of us who have worked for it for many years had in mind . . . If we condone the hiring of 10,000 workers in this election, what's to prevent the hiring of 100,000 in the next election? At what point do you draw the line at hiring a worker whose only job is to deliver the vote of his wife, sister or brother."

"Big Daddy" Unruh thought it all over, then reacted with a suitably pained declaration. Said he last week: "I have been bitterly, viciously and unwarrantedly attacked." But he is in a good political position, and it was most unlikely that he was really losing any sleep over the matter.



AMATEUR ZIFFREN
A choice of issues.

OPINION

Fact & Fiction

The year is 1967. On U.S. air defense screens, an Unidentified Flying Object is spotted near Greenland. Is this a Russian attack? Against that possibility, U.S. bombers speed to various "fail-safe" points. If the Soviet Union has really started war, the bombers will rain nuclear death on Russia; if it is a false alarm, the bombers will turn back. It turns out that the UFO is only a commercial airliner that has gone off course. Most of the Strategic Air Command bombers return to their bases. But wait! One six-bomber squadron is heading past its fail-safe point toward Moscow! Something horrible has gone wrong! A little electronic device in one of the U.S.'s billion-dollar, foolproof, fail-safe machines is on the fritz. Thermonuclear war is about to start by mistake. The President of the U.S. calls Khrushchev on the hot line to Moscow. To convince Khrush that the U.S. intended no aggressive action, he promises to order New York City obliterated, tit for tat. Khrush is agreeable. Moscow goes boom. New York goes boom—and with it the President's lovely wife, who happens to be visiting there. But peace—such as it is—is preserved.

This is the plot of *Fail-Safe*, a novel that has sold 280,000 copies, stands near the top of all bestseller lists and last week was sold to the movies for a cool \$800,000. It was written by two political science professors, the University of California's Eugene Burdick who also co-authored *The Ugly American*, and Washington and Lee's Harvey Wheeler. One reason for *Fail-Safe's* great success is found in the authors' introduction. "There is," they say, "substantial agreement among experts that an accidental war is possible and that its probability increases with the increasing complexity of the man-machine components which make up our defense system. . . . This is, unfortunately, a 'true' story. The accident may not occur in the way we describe, but the laws of probability assure us that ultimately it will occur."

By purporting to be knowledgeable, *Fail-Safe* thus plays on the deepest fears of humanity in the age of the atom: it is deliberately calculated to send distraught mothers to the picket lines with their Ban-the-Bomb signs. There is only one trouble: *Fail-Safe* is filled with falsities and distortions, and as such is not only a poor book but a cruel one. Among the major conflicts of fact and fiction.

FACTS: In *Fail-Safe*, when that UFO is sighted on the screens, the U.S. bombers head in squadrons toward their fail-safe rendezvous points, and arrive at those points simultaneously.

FACT: Under the system actually in operation, if SAC bombers ever got as far as their fail-safe points, they would fly singly to separate points and arrive at different times.

FICTION: All the trouble is caused because one of six "fail-safe machines" in

SAC's Omaha headquarters has blown a condenser.

FACT: SAC has no such machines.

FICTION: The condenser's failure activates a red light on a fail-safe "black box" in the errant squadron commander's cockpit. The code numbers that show up in the box jibe with the secret code packets held by pilot and copilot, authenticating the "go" signal.

FACT: There is no such black box. Once a U.S. bomber has reached its fail-safe point, it must turn around and go home unless the pilot (not just squadron commanders, but each individual pilot) receives a positive oral order to proceed to its target. Thus, if communications failed for any reason, the planes would return to their bases, not go on. Moreover, SAC's go orders consist of a complex series of coded messages that can be transmitted only on presidential or-

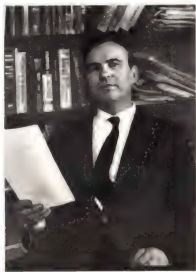
der. James MacGregor Burns has a lot of ideas about politics. Among other things, Liberal Burns is a strong believer in the notion that the President of the U.S. should firmly lead the Congress—and that is the central theme of his latest book, *The Deadlock of Democracy: Four Party Politics in America*.

Burns is pretty unhappy about present-day politics. Says he: "As a nation we have lost control of our politics." The U.S. has "a government by fits and starts, a statecraft that has not been able to supply the steady leadership and power necessary for the conduct of our affairs. We have reacted to change rather than dominated it." Why is this so? The Burns thesis: "The pattern of national politics is essentially a four-party pattern. The Democratic and Republican parties are each divided into congressional and presidential structures, with all the elements



AUTHORS BURDICK & WHEELER

Has the nation lost control of its politics or its bombs?



AUTHOR BURNS

ders and must be authenticated at several levels of command.

Burdick and Wheeler have therefore based their moneymaking "true" story on a complete reversal of the actual fail-safe principle. Perhaps the best comment on such practice was delivered by another professor, New York University's Sidney Hook, in a *New Leader* review. *Fail-Safe*, said Hook, is "intellectually scandalous," "morally objectionable," and exaggerates "the risks involved in the defense of freedom to a degree that dwarfs in the minds of readers and viewers the much greater and more immediate danger confronting a free and peaceful world."

The Four Parties

As professor of political science at Williams College, erstwhile Washington bureau chief, sympathetic biographer of F.D.R. and J.F.K., and unsuccessful Democratic candidate for Congress from Mas-

sachusetts, Burns devotes nearly two-thirds of his book to tracing the historical development of this four-party pattern. He writes, "The congressional Democrats began as the Madison party in Congress and the presidential [Democratic] party was founded and built by Jefferson. The symbolic founder of the Republican presidential party was Abraham Lincoln; the congressional [Republican] party had its origin in the opposition to Pierce and Buchanan on the Hill during the 1850s and with the congressional Republicans who went on to fight Lincoln during the Civil War and to dominate Reconstruction.

"Today these four parties are as intact as ever: the Roosevelt-Truman-Stevenson-Kennedy presidential Democrats; the Wilkie-Dewey-Eisenhower-Rockefeller presidential Republicans; the John

Garner-Howard Smith-Harry Byrd-John McClellan congressional Democrats; and the Allen Treadway*-Robert Taft-Carlisle Halleck congressional Republicans."

These are not mere party wings, claims Burns; their differences are institutional and ideological. The power fulcrum of the presidential parties is the national convention, where they dominate rank-and-file delegates. "The Robert Tafts and the Lyndon Johnsons usually do not win at Chicago or Philadelphia," The Electoral College compels the presidential parties to "cater to the urban masses and their liberal dogmas." For leadership, they draw from the ranks of big-city lawyers, Eastern financial executives, academicians (Republican examples: Elihu Root, Henry Stimson, John Foster Dulles, Douglas Dillon). These parties are generally internationalist, favor activist government, are concerned with broad "way-of-life

issues. The congressional parties, on the other hand, use their control of legislative machinery to block the presidential parties. They draw their leadership from the small towns, concentrate mainly on bread-and-butter economic issues. Many Congressmen are from districts with little competition (Burns contends that a mere 125 of the 435 House districts are even reasonably competitive), gain powerful seniority advantages over Congressmen from swing districts who ideologically incline toward the presidential parties. Among Democrats cited by Burns as presidential party members: New York's Emanuel Celler, Rhode Island's John Fogarty, California's Chet Holifield; among Republicans: New Jersey's Senator Clifford Case and New York's Senator Jacob Javits. John Kennedy, says Burns, shifted to the presidential party while still in the Senate.

Tantalizing Question. The resulting deadlock, writes Burns, can and should be broken—by helping the presidential parties swallow their congressional counterparts. To bring this about, he urges elimination of the seniority system in Congress, reapportionment of gerrymandered districts,† uniform election laws for the Senate, House and presidency, mass dues-paying memberships for the parties. "It is better that a lot of people give a little money than that a few give a lot."

The rewards for such reorganization of the parties, Burns argues, would be

* Treadway was a conservative Republican from western Massachusetts, mountain country, who served 12 years in the House of Representatives (1913-44), 25 of them on the Ways and Means Committee. Burns cites him as an example of congressional Republicans from non-competitive districts, similar to many Southern Democrats.

† Columnist Roscoe Drummond contends that present malapportionment works to the advantage of Republicans. Republican candidates for the House won 48% of the nationwide congressional vote in November but captured only 40% of the seats. The G.O.P., he claims, won one seat for every 137,000 of its votes; the Democrats one for each 100,000 of theirs.

immense. "The great task of the presidential party is to forge a new majority organized down to the wards and precincts, towns and villages and effective in Congress as well as in the executive branch. Whether this task will be accomplished by the presidential Democrats under John F. Kennedy, or by the presidential Republicans under someone like Rockefeller, is one of the tantalizing questions of the future."

Tantalizing it certainly is. But is it realistic? After all, one of Burns's favorites, Franklin Roosevelt, tried hard to swallow up the Democratic congressional party—and got bloodied up in the attempt.



ATLANTA'S WALL

THE SOUTH

Divided City

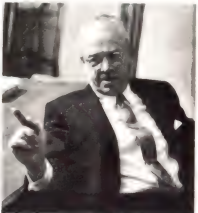
It was in Berlin that the tragic and dramatic lesson of what happens to a divided city came home to me, and if I could make you see it as I saw it, you would share with me my feeling that Atlanta must not be a city divided.

In his inaugural speech last year, Atlanta's Mayor Ivan Allen Jr. thus warned his fellow citizens of the effects of the Berlin Wall, which he had recently viewed. But last week Atlanta itself was divided by a pair of 2-ft.-10-in.-high steel-and-wood barricades set up by the city to prevent Negroes from moving into a white neighborhood.

Atlanta's white-Negro relationships have long been considered among the best in the South. But the city's 200,000 Negroes (35.9% of the population) are hard pressed for living room. They live on 24.6% of the total land zoned for residential purposes, are largely confined to a black belt running northwest to southeast through the heart of the city. In this belt, one of the best districts is Collier Heights, in northwest Atlanta. The main trouble with Collier Heights is that it is

tantalizingly close to a white neighborhood called Cascade Heights, where homes range from \$20,000 to a few at \$50,000.

Block-Busting. Both Negroes and whites acted badly in the events that led up to the barrier between Collier Heights and Cascade Heights. Negro real estate brokers used block-busting techniques to try to buy homes in the Peyton-Utoy subdivision of Cascade Heights. They falsely told white residents that their neighbors had put their homes up for sale and conspicuously drove Negro clients through the area on Sunday to frighten white owners. A white real estate man threatened to sell his home and some lots to Negroes in order to get a higher price from white buyers in the area; he actually ended up signing contracts with both a white owners' group and a Negro. Since



MAYOR ALLEN
A lesson unlearned.

July, it has been impossible to sell a house in Peyton-Utoy to a white buyer, and white owners were panicked by the threat to their property values.

Virgil Copeland, president of the South-west Citizens Association, a group of homeowners in Cascade Heights, finally went to Mayor Allen and suggested closing off two roads that run between the Negro and white areas to prevent encroachments by Negroes and act as a psychological stimulant to white buyers. Allen called in Negro leaders to discuss the possibility of erecting barriers. In return, the city would rezone 250 acres for Negro residential use. Understandably, the Negroes protested.

Into Court. Mayor Allen turned the matter over to the board of aldermen, which voted to erect the barriers. At 7 the following morning, workmen were on Peyton and Harlan roads driving I beams into the pavement. The Negroes of Atlanta, represented by a new All-Citizens Committee composed of most Negro organizations in the city, refused to deal with the city until the barriers came down. Negroes have lost one suit in court to have the barriers torn down, but a further test is pending before superior court in Atlanta. Last week the board of aldermen considered a resolution to remove the barriers—and voted it down 10 to 3.

THE HEMISPHERE

BRAZIL

Victory for Goulart

From the sun-soaked beaches of Copacabana to the rain-drenched upper reaches of the Amazon, more than 10 million Brazilians went to the polls to vote on how powerful the country's presidency should be. In September 1961, after Jânio Quadros' petulant resignation and flight, Brazil's conservatives had imposed a power-splitting parliamentary system as a condition for accepting Quadros' successor, Vice President João ("Jango") Goulart, whom they feared as a dangerous demagogue and leftist. Last week by a 5-to-1 margin, Brazilians rendered a vote of no confidence in the parliamentary system and ordered a return to a strong presidency.

Clear to All. Goulart campaigned against parliamentary government from the moment he took office, and did not knock himself out trying to make the system work. Responsibility for running the country was transferred to Congress, the Cabinet and the Prime Minister. But congressional leaders engaged in endless political bickering, while Brazil's inflation, already severe, grew worse. Prime Minister followed Prime Minister and new U.S. investment, frightened by the instability, dropped from \$266 million in 1961 to \$62 million last year. Not until last September, when they were thoroughly frightened by threats of a pro-Goulart military coup, did the Congressmen reluctantly agree to the plebiscite that Goulart wanted.

A few days before the balloting Goulart was so convinced that he would win that he described his plans for the future, once power was his, to TIME Correspondent John Blashill. In need of a shave, with his tie loosened, Goulart talked aboard his government-provided Viscount as he flew from Rio to Brasília.

"Brazil can be the anti-Cuba, the democratic example of economic emancipation for Latin America to follow," he said. "If Brazil, with its enormous resources and its growing industry, can't do it, no other Latin American country can." Admittedly, continued Goulart, "it is very hard to carry out an economic program during a great political crisis." But a three-year economic plan had been drawn up for him, and it was, he said, "neither revolutionary nor Marxist. It gives great incentive to free enterprise—and great responsibilities."

Vargas & the Workers. Such moderate talk sounded odd from a man, now 44, who learned his politics at the feet of Getúlio Vargas, Brazil's master demagogue. In the middle 1940s, Goulart marked himself as a man to watch in the Brazilian Labor Party. As Vargas' Labor Minister in 1953, Goulart spent his time approving one wage boost after another. Finally, when he proposed a 100% wage hike for all workers, conservatives complained so strongly that Vargas fired him,

But by then Goulart was strong enough to go it alone.

In the 1955 elections he won more votes for the vice-presidency than Juscelino Kubitschek won for the presidency (Brazilians vote separately for President and Vice President). Once again Goulart was given control of the crowd-pleasing ministries—Labor and Agriculture. In the 1960 election campaign, arguing for the nationalization of power companies, foreign banks and meat-packing houses, he won the vice-presidency for a second time.

"The U.S. Must Help." Goulart's leftist labor allies still attack foreign businessmen, and Brazil's government still pursues its let's-be-nice-to-Communism foreign policy. Only a month ago, President Kennedy sent his brother Bobby to Brasília to tell Goulart in no uncertain terms that the U.S. could not forever continue to support a nation seemingly unable to help itself out of political and economic chaos. The message seems to have gone home. In economics, at least, Goulart talks like a man trying to control Brazil's reckless course.

Goulart's three-year economic program was drafted by Celso Furtado, 42, the economist responsible for creating an admirable development plan for the blighted, Communist-target states of the north-eastern Atlantic bulge. Furtado projects a 7% annual rise in Brazil's gross national product. If all goes well, manufacturing is to grow by 11.2%; annually, transport facilities by 8.8%, agricultural production by 5.7%. The program will require a \$4 billion investment between now and 1965, of which private industry is expected to put up two-thirds; the government one-third.

Under Furtado's plan, Brazil intends to help itself by slashing internal budget deficits; taxes will be increased, government expenditures will be reduced, subsidies on consumer goods will be eliminated. But Brazil will still need massive help from abroad, and for that, of course, it looks to the U.S.

"The U.S. must help us, in its own interests," Goulart says. "Brazil isn't Cuba, but if it ever became another Cuba, it would be a more dangerous one." The point is well understood in Washington. Heartened by Goulart's new signs of responding seriously to his country's problems, the U.S. announced an emergency \$30 million credit to tide Brazil over the first three months of 1963.

PERU

Roundup of the Left

In cities across Peru, doors burst open, troops tramped in, and leaders of the country's far left were hauled from their beds. The military junta that governs the country gave out no final totals, but the best estimate was that between 300 and 1,000 Communists and other troublemakers were rounded up last week. Some were

questioned and released; most were held.

According to the country's ruling junta, Peru was under immediate threat of Communist revolution in a plot financed by Moscow, masterminded from Prague and Havana, and controlled through a secret radio station near the Peru-Bolivia border. The schedule: strikes and violence, student uprisings, attacks on army garrisons, the assassination of armed forces leaders, and a triumphal May Day parade proclaiming a "farmer-worker state."



COMMUNIST BLANCO
And a triumphal May Day parade?

There had certainly been a rash of leftist violence to point to. Led by a onetime agronomy student and longtime Communist named Hugo Blanco, peasants in the Convención valley, near Cuzco, took up arms nine months ago; the government has yet to catch up with him. Communist-organized trade unionists and students have staged riots, and Red agitators work to turn relatively peaceful strikes into bloody free-for-alls. Striking miners recently burned and sacked a lead and zinc complex belonging to the U.S.-owned Cerro de Pasco Corp., causing \$4,000,000 damage.

The question was how much the junta itself had helped to accent the crisis. In their steadfast enmity toward the leftist but anti-Communist APRA party of Victor Raúl Haya de la Torre, the military men had shown a peculiar tolerance for the Communists, who were competing for the same peasant and laborer following. Several Red leaders were released from jail, known Communists were appointed to labor councils. Emboldened by this freedom, the Reds had gone about their violent errands with such a will that the junta could no longer ignore them.

THE WORLD

GREAT BRITAIN

The Fateful Weeks

To celebrate his sixth full year in office—the longest term for a Tory since 1902*—Prime Minister Harold Macmillan went before the cameras for a television interview last week. It was a masterful performance. Relaxed and confident, Macmillan talked with easy confidence of the promise and problems of Britain today.

Off-camera, things were not going so well as Harold Macmillan made it seem. Britain's hopes of membership in the Common Market hung precariously in the balance. After the decisions at Nassau, a question mark rose over the future of its military power. The latest Gallup poll showed Labor leading the Tories 45% to 36%. Many of Macmillan's own Conservative party backbenchers were critical of the government for its inability to stop the growing unemployment in Britain's north.

Reason for Confidence. Seeking a solution to the problem of jobs, Macmillan last week gave Lord Hailsham a new ministerial task of studying the northeast depressed areas, and told Birmingham businessmen that "with a little bit of luck" the economic slump might be reversed this year. As another weapon against political decline, Macmillan is clearly counting on admission to the Common Market despite the overwhelming obstacles ahead. On TV he said: "I believe that as soon as the Common Market is settled, and as soon as it is clear that there will not be another Socialist government, you will find the businessmen reinvesting on a bigger scale than ever before. That is why I am confident about 1964."

A decision on Common Market entry may be imminent. This week Britain's Chief Negotiator Edward Heath returns to Brussels for a crucial round of negotiations with Europe's Six—the "crunch" talks in which Britain will have to agree to



MACMILLAN ON TELEVISION
Off camera, the crunch was just beginning.

dismantle its own elaborate agricultural-subsidy system or persuade the Europeans to ease their terms for entry.

Seeking Support. In preparation for the Brussels meeting, Ted Heath went to Chequers, Macmillan's ministerial estate, spent hours urging his views on West Germany's visiting Foreign Minister Gerhard Schröder, a considerable sympathizer. Then Heath crossed to the Continent to line up additional support for Britain's position. He talked with Belgium's Deputy Foreign Minister Henri Fayat, who wants Britain in the Common Market, and with France's Foreign Minister Maurice Couve de Murville, who faithfully echoed De Gaulle's reluctance to lower the bars for Britain. Macmillan himself will continue the task on his Feb. 1 visit to Rome for meetings with Italy's Prime Minister Amintore Fanfani, due this week in Washington.

As fate would have it, the Tories won relief of sorts from the drumfire of criticism at home through a tragic happenstance in the Labor Party. Hugh Gaitskell, Labor's capable, hard-working leader, was rushed to London's Middlesex Hospital suffering from pneumonia, double pleurisy and severe pericarditis. In great pain and scarcely able to breathe, Gaitskell was allowed no visitors except his wife.

Snap Pressure. Labor spokesmen officially spread the news that Gaitskell would be back at work within five to six weeks, but medical men thought three to six months more likely. This means he will not be able to lead Labor's attack on Britain's Common Market entry. In fact, to Labor's acute embarrassment, the man who becomes spokesman in Gaitskell's place is Deputy Leader George Brown, who is as pro-Common Market as Gaitskell is anti. The conservative Sunday Telegraph paid tribute to Gaitskell by suggesting that "without him,

there can be no alternative Government worth the name."

Some Tories promptly urged Macmillan to call a snap general election while Labor is virtually leaderless. But Macmillan will almost certainly resist the pressure, select his own time between now and October 1964, the date by which a general election must be held. If, during the "crunch" of the next few weeks in Brussels, Britain is admitted to the Common Market on an approximation of its own terms, and if the straitened economy revives as a consequence, the government would be in an excellent position for a general election in the fall. Macmillan, who will be 60 next month, said during his TV interview that he thought he could put in another six years on the job, and added jokingly: "The question is whether the people could stand another six." The answer may be learned during the coming fateful weeks in Brussels.

Visitor at Yale

Between the Conservative and Labor programs lies a third way for Britain—the Liberal Party. Small but spunky, it has not held power since the Lloyd George Cabinet in World War I. But in the past year, the Liberals have made impressive gains in local elections and in national by-elections proved to be a dangerous stealer of votes from both Labor and the Tories. The big parties now face the possibility that in a general election the Liberals may hold the balance of power.

Last week in New Haven, Conn., where he was Yale's second Chubb Fellow of the year, Liberal Leader Jo Grimond conceded that his party has little chance of any "immense increase" in voting strength under the present electoral system in Britain. However, he said, the Liberals "are



LIBERAL LEADER GRIMOND
In the balance, a third way.



LEADER GAITSKELL



DEPUTY BROWN

Behind the scenes, differing opinions.

the only party in Britain today that is paying any attention to the implications of Europe." He chided the Labor Party for its anti-Common Market stand, and censured Prime Minister Harold Macmillan's Tory government for having made Common Market membership "more difficult" by its failure to instruct and educate the British public on the issue.

"You must understand that the political side of the Common Market agreement is going to be extremely important in the years to come," he added. "European elections and a European parliament are not an impossible eventuality." Under those conditions, thinks Grimond, the Liberals could conceivably "become part of a widely based progressive or radical party" supporting such Liberal ideas as

changes in the educational and social system, and limited redistribution of property ownership. With citizenship in a United Europe, concluded Grimond, "our friendship with the Americans should not be based on any exclusive interests, but on the coordination of European and American interests."

COMMUNISTS

Congress No. 5

For Communist Partygoers this has been a busy winter on the social circuit. Since November, the comrades have held party congresses in Sofia and Budapest, Prague and Rome. This week the current season winds up in East Berlin with the most crucial meeting of them all, to be

attended by none other than Party Favorite Nikita Khrushchev.

Abruptly deciding to leave Moscow by train six days early, Khrushchev dropped in en route to see Poland's Red boss, Wladyslaw Gomulka, who was so surprised by the visit that he didn't even have time to deck Warsaw's streets with welcome banners. But Khrushchev had more on his mind than just a social call. The pair disappeared to an isolated hunting lodge in northern Poland to confer over the grave issues on the Berlin agenda. One is West Berlin, where Allied troops are still entrenched more than four years after his ultimatum that the Allies get out. The other bone in Nikita's throat is Peking, for the Sino-Soviet quarrel has seemingly passed the point of no return

READING THE REDS



OVER the months, the feud between Russia and Red China has grown from petty bickering over minor matters to mighty blasts of anger on the basic tenets of Marxist-Leninist practice. Now Peking's outright challenge to Moscow's leadership of Marx's world has

Mao

No matter what kind of teeth imperialism may have—whether guns, tanks, rocket or nuclear teeth—its paper-tiger nature cannot change. Those who attack this proposition have obviously lost every quality a revolutionary ought to have and have instead become shortsighted and timid as mice.

We neither called for the establishment of missile bases in Cuba nor obstructed their withdrawal. What we oppose is the sacrifice of another country's sovereignty in order to compromise with imperialism. This is 100% appeasement, a Munich pure and simple.

History has not witnessed a single example of peaceful transition from capitalism to socialism. Those who no longer distinguish between just and unjust wars have lapsed into the position of bourgeois pacifism. A war would inevitably end in the destruction of imperialism and the victory of socialism.

They do not like the sparks of revolution fanning among the oppressed nations; they say a tiny spark may lead to a world war. In the final analysis, their stand boils down to this: the people of capitalist countries should not make revolutions; the oppressed nations should not wage struggles to win their liberation; the people of the world should not fight against imperialism. . . . Revisionism is the opiate of the people. It is a beguiling music for the consolation of slaves.

All those who dare to uphold truth are never afraid of being in the minority for the time being. On the other hand, even those who are temporarily in the majority cannot avoid their own ultimate bankruptcy. They may . . . bluster noisily, but their majority is only a fictitious, superficial phenomenon. We will never submit to the dictates of any anti-Marxist-Leninist bludgeon. Unreasonable abuse is entirely useless; curses have not done us the least harm.

become a momentous family feud that threatens to split the world Communist movement. Last week the rift was there for all to see, laid out in plain words in Mao Tse-tung's Red Flag and People's Daily, followed by a paragraph-by-paragraph retort in Khrushchev's Pravda.



Khrushchev

What we need are not paper definitions stubbornly thrust upon us, but a genuine analysis of contemporary imperialism, including its huge atomic and other military potential. The expression "paper tiger" actually leads to the demobilization of the masses, because it conditions them to the thought that the strength of imperialism is a myth.

ON CUBA

Now that the crest of the crisis is over, "leftist phrasemongers" are striving slanderously to present the case as if the Soviet Union capitulated. The authors of the term "second Munich" are obviously at odds with elementary history and don't know what they are talking about.

ON WAR

A nuclear war would complicate exceedingly the building of a new society on the ruins left after a world conflict. After all, the aim of the working class is not to die "spectacularly," but to build a happy life. Communists cannot act like these irresponsible scribblers in their cynical gamble with human lives.

ON REVOLUTION

It must be said that since the time of Trotskyism no other opportunist trend has ever resorted to such a monstrous method, which completely distorts truth. It hides its capitulatory essence behind "ultra-revolutionary" slogans, playing on the feelings of the masses. It would be extremely harmful to try to fit revolutionary processes in this extremely varied world into ready molds, as the dogmatists are trying to do. Far from advancing the cause of world revolution, they are throttling it.

ON THE SPLIT

Communists cannot but feel gravely concerned over the thesis that there is a "temporary majority" in the international Communist movement which "persists in its mistakes," and a "temporary minority" which "boldly and resolutely upholds the truth." This thesis banks on disunity in our ranks, on splitting them. What Communists need is not division into "majority" and "minority," but unity, unity, and once more unity.

(see box). As at the earlier congresses, Red China will have its own delegate in East Berlin ready to take the rostrum in Peking's defense. The stage was set for a noisy showdown.

RUSSIA

The View from Lenin Hills

About a month ago, soon after Nikita Khrushchev touched off a general crack-down on modern art (TIME, Dec. 14), several hundred Soviet artists and writers were abruptly summoned to the modern, glass-walled reception palace at Lenin Hills, on the outskirts of Moscow. Khrushchev himself, it seemed, wanted to hear what poets and painters thought of the party line on avant-garde art. The argument raged for five hours, far into the night, and included several remarkably frank exchanges with the Soviet ruler.

One of the first to speak up was aging

aged a brave reply: "I hope, Comrade Khrushchev, we have outlived the time when the grave was used as a means of correction." The audience was stunned, then burst into applause; even Khrushchev sheepishly joined in.

Evtushenko's display of courage did not last long. Two weeks after the Lenin Hills meeting, the party's ideological boss, Leonid Ilyichev, called in the poet and a number of other young intellectuals for an attitude talk. Ilyichev was especially angry over Evtushenko's poem *Babi Yar*, which condemned Soviet anti-Semitism and which had just been enthusiastically received in a new symphonic setting by Composer Dmitry Shostakovich. Cultural commissars quickly canceled further performances of the symphony. As for the poem, said Ilyichev, it should be changed to include an attack on West Germany. After a sleepless night, Evtushenko agreed to "improve" *Babi Yar*.



PIETRO NENNI
Compromise...

Journalist-Propagandist Ilya Ehrenburg, 71. Defending a Cézanne-like blue and purple canvas called *Female Nude*, done by Russian Painter Robert Falk in 1922, which Art Critic Khrushchev had derided, Ehrenburg said: "You and I, Nikita Sergeevich, are getting on and haven't got much time left. But Falk's painting will live as long as there are lovers of beauty." Next, Abstract Sculptor Ernst Neizvestny, whose work also had been attacked by Nikita, took the floor. "You may not like my work, Comrade Khrushchev," the sculptor said, "but it has the warm admiration of such eminent Soviet scientists as Kapitsa and Landau." Retorted Khrushchev scornfully: "That's not why we admire Kapitsa and Landau."

Neizvestny fell silent, but Official Kremlin Poet Evgeny Evtushenko rose to his friend's defense. "He came back from the war with 14 bullets in his body," said Evtushenko. "and I hope he will live many more years and produce many more fine works of art." "As people say," shot back Nikita brutally, "only the grave corrects a hunchback." Evtushenko man-

ITALY

Adjusting the Apertura

Ever since Premier Amintore Fanfani teamed up with Pietro Nenni's Socialists almost a year ago to form Italy's *apertura a sinistra* ("opening to the left"), the uneasy alliance has been clouded by a single issue: Nenni's demand for the creation of 15 regional administrations that he figures will boost his party's grass-roots support. Fanfani agreed to pay Nenni's price because he needed the Socialists' 88 votes in the Chamber of Deputies in order to stay in power, but he stalled on enacting the scheme just the same.

Fanfani feared that the Socialists would sign local electoral agreements with Communists and thereby convert the new regions into leftist strongholds. Even after Nenni pledged not to cooperate with the Reds, many of Fanfani's Christian Democrats remained skeptical of his promise. With Nenni demanding quick action on the regional plan, the looming alternative was compromise or collapse of the coalition.

Last week Fanfani acted. After nine hours of argument, Christian Democrats and their two smaller coalition partners agreed to introduce promptly two bills covering taxation and administration of the regions; they postponed legislation actually creating them until a new Parliament convenes after national elections in May.

The Socialists grumbled bitterly, but Nenni urged them to bide their time. "If there's going to be a government crisis," he told a meeting of his party's central committee, "it's not going to be caused by us." Nenni has his eye on a Cabinet post in a new government; causing a crisis at the moment would be irresponsible. For Fanfani this week goes off to visit John F. Kennedy, and in a fortnight Harold Macmillan arrives in Rome. Fellow travelers in the Socialist high command were willing, even anxious, to topple the government, but as the party continued its talks at week's end, it appeared that Nenni—and the coalition—would squeak through.

La Dolce Payola

Enrico Mattei was one of the most powerful men in Italy when he died in a plane crash three months ago. As wheeler-dealer boss of the huge government-owned E.N.I. oil monopoly, he used sharp elbows at home and abroad in the constant effort to expand the power of his \$2 billion industrial giant. When the elbows did not work, money did—as indicated by the recent tribulations of some of Italy's most prominent newspapers.

Stasera, a new Milan daily, closed shortly after Mattei died. One of Milan's morning papers cut editorial salaries by 20%; fired part of the staff, and canceled plans for an afternoon edition. An economy wave swept over Milan's *Il Giornale*, Italy's fourth largest daily. Two Rome papers began a steady descent toward oblivion.

Mattei directly controlled only one paper, *Il Giornale*. But E.N.I. was a leading



PREMIER FANFANI
... or collapse.

advertising account for scores of others. When Rome's conservative financial daily, *Il Globo*, accused E.N.I. of unfair competition, the lucrative E.N.I. ads abruptly ceased. How much Mattei money was transferred into the Italian press remained a secret locked in Mattei's mind—and in his office safe. Without doubt, it was plenty. Before his death, the industrial swashbuckler told a visiting journalist: "That safe contains every one," meaning the long list of newspapers on Italy's top payola list.

FRANCE

Monsieur No

President Charles de Gaulle's press conferences take the form of a ritual ballet. The stage is the crystal-chandeliered *Salle des Fêtes* in the Élysée Palace, and the corps de ballet is composed of some 700 newsmen crowded rump to rump in flimsy gilt-painted chairs. The props are TV cameras, lights, a desk placed before a raspberry-red curtain. Enter le grand Chancelier, moving his head ponderously as he peers

through the haze of TV flares and flash bulbs. With a wave of the hand and a clearing of the throat, De Gaulle makes some preliminary remarks before the questions begin.

As De Gaulle prepared to stage another of his rare press performances this week, political dopsters were betting he would use the occasion to give a haughty and ringing *non* to concessions for Britain's entry into the Common Market. He might also take the opportunity to repeat in public what he has already said in private about President John Kennedy's Polaris offer last month. After Kennedy's Nassau proposal, De Gaulle called in his ministers and became "Monsieur No." to the whole idea, reported the weekly *Paris-Match* last week.

De Gaulle declared: "France cannot in the future renounce its effort and abandon its project merely because Washington decides to present some proposals. . . . We cannot accept Polaris missiles and, at the same time, pursue our national effort. Therefore we will follow our national effort. We have the A-bomb. We will have the H-bomb. And, eventually, we will have three-stage missiles."

De Gaulle continued: "The American interest is not always the French interest. Circumstances change. Interests can diverge. This will be more and more true in the future, which will give Europe a greater and greater weight, and which will therefore contribute to diminishing the relative weight of the U.S."

THE ALLIES

A Problem of Pipe

To pump its burgeoning oil and gas production from new fields in the Caucasus and Urals, Russia has undertaken a 38,000-mile pipeline network, with two main legs: one westward from Kubyshyev near the Urals to power the factories of Russia's European satellites, the other thousands of miles through Siberia and on to the Pacific. Trouble is, Russia cannot produce all of the big-bore (up to 40 in.) pipe itself; so it has turned to capitalist manufacturers, mostly in West Germany and Italy, for 40% of the 2,500,000 tons of pipe it needs for the project.

Arguing that the pipelines are of vital strategic use to Russia, NATO's trade advisory committee last week tried to put an end to the pipe trade. Weeks ago, Italy, which had sent Russia 180,000 tons of pipe, went along with NATO's new ban, canceled a 60,000-ton shipment. Japan canceled negotiations for 20,000 tons.

But a howl went up in West Germany, Russia's No. 1 oil-pipe supplier (633,000 tons from 1959 through last October). Just three and a half months ago, three giant Ruhr firms—Mannesmann, Phoenix-Rheinrohr AG, and Hoesch—signed a contract for another 200,000 tons. Ruhr steelmen denounced Chancellor Konrad Adenauer as a NATO stooge for trying to enforce the new rules. Taken aback, Adenauer's Cabinet last week agreed to reconsider, turned the problem over to a special subcommittee for special study.

THE CONGO

The India-Rubber Man

Just after sunup one day last week, Secessionist Moïse Tshombe slipped out of his pink palace in Elisabethville, climbed into the back seat of a black Comet sedan, and sped off down the road toward the Northern Rhodesian border. Soon an armored column of 500 United Nations troops was on his tail. For a moment, it looked as if the U.N. were in hot pursuit of its old foe. But no! To the astonishment of bug-eyed natives along the way, Moïse was actually leading, the blue helmets, urging his own tattered Katangese gendarmes to lay down their arms so the U.N. could reopen vital rail and road links.

Bizarre as it was, the incident was an

"I Am Back." But with full backing from the U.S. and the Afro-Asian nations, the U.N. was determined to dictate a settlement to Tshombe and make it stick. If it fails, the rest of the Congo, starved of the riches that enable Katanga to account for 65% of the country's exports, could splinter into a score of warring tribal domains. Already a corps of 100 Central Government functionaries was flying into Elisabethville to take charge of Katanga's administration.

The big question mark, as usual, was the slippery Tshombe. As the week began, he was holed up defiantly in Kolwezi with the mercenaries. There were rumors that he might flee to Europe rather than give in to the U.N. But he was not surrendering Katanga's top job. Lo and behold, he was back in Elisabethville. "In



ELISABETHVILLE SUPPORTERS GREET TSHOMBE
Bounding and backtracking.

accurate indicator of the way things actually were going last week in the Congo's copper-rich Katanga province, where the U.N. was waging war with Tshombe's breakaway regime for the third time since September 1961. In two weeks, the tough U.N. troops had seized a steadily lengthening ribbon of rail lines and nearly every major population center in the province. Only the western copper town of Kolwezi remained in Katanga's grip; it was defended by 2,000 boozey gendarmes, 100 of Tshombe's white mercenaries, and a smashing blonde ambulance driver known as "Madame Yvette," who sauntered about in paratroop boots, camouflage uniform, bush hat and shoulder holster. Only 50 miles from Kolwezi, Indian infantrymen probed cautiously forward, waiting only for the signal to head full blast toward the town. But the signal would not be given rashly, for the ragtag mercenaries threatened to blow up a huge dam and industrial installations, leaving the town a blackened shell. They might not be bluffing.

spite of all the trouble and bloodshed," he declared with MacArthurian grandeur, "I am back." What policy would he follow? No one could say, for before long he was bouncing wildly from one position to another. "Pure India rubber," marveled a foreign diplomat.

Lump of Sugar. In the space of three days, Tshombe 1) promised to "abstain from making any declarations against the U.N."; 2) immediately broke his promise by threatening "a scorched-earth policy" in Kolwezi (see *World Business*); 3) was clapped under house arrest by infuriated U.N. officials "to restrain him from further irresponsible acts"; and 4) got his house arrest commuted to a nighttime curfew by leading the U.N. troops to the Rhodesian border. Then, having baffled everybody, he vanished once more from the capital.

With Tshombe's Katanga now largely under U.N. control, Central Government Premier Cyrille Adoula began flexing his muscles in Leopoldville. He demanded that the British and Belgian consuls in Elisa-

lethville leave the country because they had acted as mediators for Tshombe in hopes of arranging a cease-fire. He spurned a \$2,000,000 gift from the British government because of its "subversive policy" on Katanga, and one of his officials sniffed: "We are not a little child who can be given a lump of sugar to keep quiet."

Box Score. Exuberant as Adoula was over Tshombe's plight, there was not much for him to crow about. Even if Katanga is successfully reintegrated, he will still face the equally formidable problems of administrative incompetence, official corruption, army indiscipline and—worst of all—rivalries among the Congo's 200 tribes. The point was underlined in blood last week in Kasai province, where feuding tribesmen were at one another's throats over a border dispute. Natives kidnapped and reportedly ate two Belgian lumbermen, then began slaughtering one another in the town of Kakenge. Such gruesome incidents no longer surprised anyone. A Leopoldville newspaper reported the event as matter-of-factly as if it were a baseball box score. Its headline: **KILLED AT KAKENGE—370 LULUAS, TWO BELGIANS, ONE MU'ONGE, ONE KANYUKA.**

MIDDLE EAST

The U.S. Intervenes On Both Sides

The little civil war in Yemen last week spluttered on like a defective fuse. The royalist tribesmen trying to put the deposed Imam of Yemen back on his feudal throne made hit-and-run attacks on strongpoints held by the "republicans" of General Abdullah Sallal and their Egyptian allies. In return Egyptian planes bombed the tribal encampments and even crossed the border to blast again the Saudi Arabian town of Najran, the main staging area for supplies sent to the royalists by the nervous monarchs of both Jordan and Saudi Arabia, Kings Hussein and Saud.

Behind the scenes, the U.S. was exerting major efforts to contain the struggle. By recognizing Sallal's republican regime last month, Washington had delighted Egypt's Nasser and offended Jordan and Saudi Arabia. Now Washington hoped to deter Nasser and reassure Hussein and Saud by sending the U.S. destroyer *Forrest Sherman* on a "routine" visit to the Saudi seaport of Jidda—the hoary political device that hints of force. And, though it was laconically denied in Washington, sources in the Middle East insist that the U.S. has agreed to a Saudi request that antiaircraft batteries and radar-control equipment be sent to the oft-bombed supply depot at Najran; this, hopefully, would have a sedative effect on Egyptian air raids inside the territory of Saudi Arabia itself.

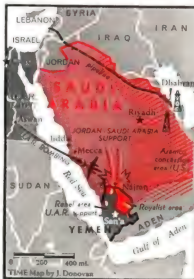
On instructions from Washington, U.S. Ambassador to Egypt John Badeau last week brought the major force to face. In Badeau's presence at Cairo, Saudi Arabia's U.N. specialist, Ahmad Shukairy,



BISHOP ROSEVEAR
For Jesus, not Nkrumah.

held a long, secret conference with Egypt's Foreign Minister Mahmoud Fawzi. The purpose of the discussions: an armistice in Yemen.

Without U.S. intervention, the Yemeni conflict would almost certainly have exploded into a far wider struggle between socialist Egypt and the Arab monarchies. But last week only the Soviet Union, which predictably denounced U.S. "provocative measures," was doing much complaining. As for the Arab world, Lebanon's independent daily *Al Hayat* said approvingly that the "U.S. policy in the Middle East is to encourage stability, and American standing in this area is now very strong. Today America is listened to in Cairo, Beirut, Amman, Riyadh and San'a—everywhere. We hope the American efforts will be continued and their main goal reached: an end to the bloodshed in Yemen. Once this is achieved, a general peace may be possible."



GHANA

Who's a Vicious Insinuationist? The Bishop

Though Ghana is 28% Christian, for most of its people politics is the highest religion and Kwame Nkrumah, known as Osoagyefo (the Redeemer), the nearest thing to a god. Upset by this state of affairs, the Rt. Rev. Richard Rosevear, 60, Anglican Bishop of Accra, spoke out last August against the country's growing "godlessness" and deplored such slogans as "Africa has her own god and Nkrumah is his Jesus." As far as the government was concerned Rosevear's attitude was blasphemy, and he was given just nine hours to get out of the country.

Two months ago, Nkrumah relented, readmitted Rosevear to Ghana. But last week the bishop was in trouble again. In a New Year's Eve sermon, Rosevear delivered a carefully worded attack on "idolatry." He named no names, did not so much as mention Ghana, but Nkrumah's terrible-tempered press was quick to take offense. Adding a new phrase to the already rich vocabulary of invective, the Accra Evening News branded the bishop as a "vicious insinuationist," warned that unless he stops his "utter misuse of the pulpit, we shall have no alternative than to accept the gauntlet"—that is, to throw him out again.

MOROCCO

Discarding the Eggshells

A young monarch in a shaky new country can do worse than choose Charles de Gaulle as a model to rule by. Morocco's Hassan II is just such a king. Like *le grand Charles*, Hassan considers himself his country's indispensable man, and he may be right. Like De Gaulle he chose the device of a popular referendum when he decided to adopt a constitution (TIM, Dec. 28); his smashing victory won Hassan the rare esteem of his idol in Paris. Employing some Gaullist firmness, Hassan has now fired the three members of his Cabinet who represented the powerful Istiqlal party, filled their jobs with officials stoutly loyal to the throne.

Since Istiqlal was the party largely responsible for organizing Hassan's successful referendum, there were those who thought Hassan was a bit ungrateful. But Istiqlal leaders were pressing for close economic and diplomatic ties with Cairo, based on a common Islamic heritage, and demanding that Hassan pursue Morocco's claims to Spanish Sahara, Mauritania and part of Algeria's Sahara. Refusing to salame to Gamal Abdel Nasser, King Hassan resisted, arguing that the nation's future lies less with the Arab world than with France and Europe's Common Market. He also opposed the nationalists' agitation on the border claims. Said Hassan's closest political confidant, Cabinet Director Ahmed Reda Guedira, after the purge: "The King had to get rid of the grains of sand which always kept the state machinery out of order . . . the leaders and



PRESIDENT KEITA & WIFE



TIMBUKTOO'S MAIN SQUARE
for all the cooks, precious little proaire.



GOVERNMENT TROOPS ON PARADE

platforms of the old parties are stale, like empty eggshells.

It was Gaullist rhetoric, and it hinted of still another Gaullist touch. Rabat buzzed with rumors that Hassan was ready to organize his own political machine. According to one report, the name for the new group was already chosen: Union for New Royalty—U.N.R. They are the same initials as those of Charles de Gaulle's Union for the New Republic.

MALI

Where the Twain Meet

At the post office in Timbuktoo, a clerk put aside his French translation of a Soviet novel extolling the Red army genially affixed a Mali stamp commemorating Telstar onto a postcard. "We get lots of Americans through here," he mused to a visitor from the U.S.

There are many other visitors too. Mali, whose fabled Sahara ghost town of Timbuktoo is the national attraction, has become a magnet for Russians, French Communist Chinese, East Germans, West Germans, Bulgarians, Hungarians, and many other breeds of foreigners. From most of them, Mali accepts assistance.

"One does not tell a man who is drowning to choose the branch or the plank he will catch hold of," Mali's towering 16 ft. 4 in. President Modibo Keita explains. Since Mali's 1960 breakaway from France and the rupture of its short-lived federation with Senegal, Keita has been reaching for help in a fashion that few Dark Continent leaders manage to duplicate. Today Mali receives aid from no fewer than 14 nations on both sides of the Iron Curtain.

Trucks & Paddies. To Mali's backwater capital of Bamako, the U.S. sent up \$2,500,000 a year. West Germany is supplying 325 trucks on \$4,900,000 credit. The Common Market nations, as a group have financed 19 Mali projects worth \$17 million. Ex-Mother France pours in the biggest amount, \$9,000,000 a year,

and also provides 400 technicians, including 180 schoolteachers.

The Communist bloc, for its part, has opened a line of credit worth \$100 million, and has 500 technicians on the spot. Russians have put up neon street lights in Bamako, are erecting an expensive sports stadium. Fraternizing French and Czech pilots help run the government's motley Air Mali fleet of six Russian-built Ilyushins and three vintage, U.S.-made DC-15s. Bulgarians, among other things, are developing truck-farming colonies, while such distant types as Red Chinese and North Vietnamese have taught Malians how to operate rice paddies.

A Certain Indecision. For all its cooks, impoverished Mali is brewing precious little progress. The chief reason is that while talking neutralism abroad, at home Keita and his *Union Soudanaise* party run a sloppy little Marxist-style land that is deep in financial trouble. In line with his goal of "an economy based on socialist principles," Keita has built up one money-devouring state enterprise after another. There is the airline, now in

debt to the tune of \$3,000,000; there is the state trading company, currently in the red \$3,200,000; and, of course, a chain of subsidized "People's Shops." Six months ago, egged on by the Communists, Keita suddenly brought out a proud new Mali franc to replace the French African franc it had been using. Owing to Mali's near bankruptcy, it was unfortunately nonconvertible. Since few foreigners would accept it, the money (printed in Czechoslovakia) promptly wiped out 85% of normal imports, whose duties had provided the bulk of government revenue. Deprived of their goods, Mali merchants went on a rioting rampage in Bamako and sacked the police station; two demonstrators were killed, and a "People's Tribunal" in Bamako sentenced 77 others to prison at hard labor.

By last week more than 50 of Mali's 250 most important foreign enterprises, mostly French, had pulled out. The trade deficit stood at \$26 million and reserves had shrunk to a minuscule \$5,000,000. In Paris the French listened with almost saintly patience to Mali's pleas for a massive bail-out loan; when all is said and done, France is expected to come across with the cash. As an exporter of peanuts and beef (its cattle are north of Africa's tsetse fly zone), self-sufficient in rice and other staples, Mali just might make the grade, despite the Marxist trappings. In any case, Modibo Keita, like many another African leader, is still open to suggestion on which ideology is best.

TURKEY

Old Habits

Before his fall in 1960, Premier Adnan Menderes made a practice of padlocking hostile Turkish newspapers, imprisoning journalists by the hundreds; police once threw a newsboy into jail for hawking a headline about a minister's resignation. At the time, the loudest protests came from wispy old Opposition Leader Ismet Inonu, who denounced "those who would



seek to establish a coercive regime." But now that he is in power himself, Premier Inonu, 78, shows signs of falling into Menderes' old habits.

Hauling out a Menderes-era law outlawing any written or spoken word aimed at disturbing "the established" order, the Inonu regime last month jailed Kayhan Saglam, managing editor of Istanbul's influential daily, *Cumhuriyet*, and Sadi Alkilic, a freelance writer. It turned out that *Cumhuriyet* had published an article by Alkilic entitled "Socialism Is the Only Salvation for Turkey"—one of a score submitted in the newspaper's annual essay contest.

Fortnight ago, Dr. Adnan Benk, respected professor of philology at Istanbul University, and Afsar Timucin, editor of the cultural magazine *Atac*, were clapped into prison for another crime with words. *Atac* had carried Benk's translation of parts of a book that included four quotations from Karl Marx. Prior to releasing the pair last week on bail, an Istanbul judge ignored Benk's argument that the entire book can be read in the Istanbul University library.

Specifically accused of spreading Communist propaganda, the four defendants, under Article 142, could get prison terms of 15 years.

SOUTH VIET NAM

The Strain of Constant Combat

After a week of major battles, furious fighting and heavy casualties (*TIME*, Jan. 11), the war in South Viet Nam settled back last week into its normal pattern of vicious, hide-and-seek, hit-and-run engagements. One band of Communist Viet Cong guerrillas beheaded a government provincial district chief northwest of Saigon, and another knocked over a strategic hamlet in the northeast, capturing enough U.S. weapons to equip an entire Red company. With U.S. helicopter crews working overtime, government troops killed and

wounded 75 Viet Cong and captured tons of supplies in a sweep through a Red-infested area near the Cambodian border.

But the strain of constant combat was beginning to tell on the U.S. chopper pilots. Heading back to base after 15 hours of continuous assaults against Red positions one night last week, a U.S. whirlybird suddenly toppled out of formation and, with its red flying lights carving crazy patterns in the darkness over the Mekong River, spun into the ground. When rescue workers reached the copter's twisted wreckage, they found the mangled bodies of seven U.S. crew members. With ten Americans already killed in 1963, one U.S. adviser remarked bitterly: "It looks like this is going to be a hell of a year for us."

Rice & Rats

One day last July, Sergeant First Class Roque Mataguly, 31, a Guam-born U.S. military adviser with a Vietnamese detachment, ventured out of his compound near the coastal town of Phanhiut, 90 miles east of Saigon, on an off-duty hunting trip. Instead of game, Sergeant Mataguly ran into a band of Communist Viet Cong guerrillas, was held captive until his release last month. Last week, in his first press conference since he was freed, Mataguly depicted the spartan life and grim dedication of the Viet Cong.

Mataguly said that the Viet Cong moved freely over the countryside and that in the villages peasants freely offered rebels food and shelter. The typical menu for both prisoner and captors was rice, salt and fish oil. Rats were an occasional delicacy that brightened the diet—served both as rat soup and barbecued rodent. Though game was plentiful, the Reds never hunted. "They were afraid to use up ammunition hunting deer," said Mataguly.

For the first several months of his captivity, Mataguly was tied up and constantly reminded that he would be killed on the spot if he made the slightest effort

to escape. He underwent no physical torture, instead was daily subjected to eight solid hours of political indoctrination and interrogation. Mataguly was forced to listen to the English-language broadcasts on Communist North Viet Nam's Radio Hanoi three times a day and was regularly tested on what they had to say about the world situation.

Obviously because Mataguly is a dark-skinned Guamanian, his interrogators harped on the plight of the Negroes in the U.S. South. Again and again, he refused to sign anti-American propaganda documents, but finally, wracked with malaria and with his weight down from 185 to 145, he signed four statements. "When I believed I was at the end of my physical endurance," the documents, which Mataguly later had to read aloud so that the Viet Cong could record them on tape, bitterly attacked South Viet Nam's President Ngo Dinh Diem and the U.S.'s support for his government.

Last month, to cheer Mataguly up, the Communists said that they were fixing him a special Christmas dinner. He never got it. On Christmas Eve the Reds held a release ceremony, invited 400 soldiers, peasants, women and children to witness a last act of generosity to their prisoner. Mataguly then was put on a bus and sent back to freedom.

INDIA

The Warning on the Walls

An old Chinese proverb says, "Where there is an excess of ceremony, there is sure to be deceit."

In Red China last week, Ceylon's visiting Prime Minister, Mrs. Sirimavo Bandaranaike, sniffed incense, was wine and dined by Premier Chou En-lai, and was even taken to see a relic of Buddha's tooth. Reason for the indulgent treatment was the set of proposals that Mrs. Bandaranaike brought to Peking as spokesman for the six nonaligned nations—Ghana, Egypt, Indonesia, Burma, Cambodia and Ceylon—who met in Colombo last month and took it upon themselves to arbitrate the bloody Himalayan border dispute between China and India. The neutrals' solution delighted the Chinese, for it set up a demilitarized zone along the Himalayan frontier and actually gave Red China more territory in India than it had occupied before its sudden invasion last October.

Expecting at least a token condemnation of Chinese aggression from its old neutralist cronies, India was, to say the least, disappointed. In New Delhi, Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru received Mrs. Bandaranaike coolly after her ten-day sojourn in China, but did not reject her proposals outright. Nehru still hopes to gain time to build up his shattered armed forces. Too much delay, however, could try China's patience; still scratched on many buildings in the Himalayas is the ominous warning left by Chinese troops as they withdrew after last month's ceasefire: "We may have to return."



VIET CONG GUERRILLAS WITH CAPTURED U.S. ARMS
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PEOPLE

The man in the dark blue suit preached a "simple plan for salvation: love and understanding and forgiveness." Introduced as "that famous former financier of the world," famous former Fertilizer King **Billie Sol Estes**, 38, told a Negro congregation in Indianapolis: "If man had followed Christ's simple plan, there would be no trouble today." Later in Toledo he called Solomon a "great farmer" for having stored up tons of grain. Both appearances were to raise money to send Church of Christ missionaries to Nigeria, both were sponsored by Old Estes Friend the Rev. Floyd Rose of Toledo, who asked in his introduction: "Is Billie Sol Estes guilty? They said Christ, too, was guilty."

It was enough to unstring one's Stradivarius. When Violinist **Jaścha Heifetz**, 61, returned to Beverly Hills from a business trip, he discovered that his wife Frances, 52, who had moved out of the house eight weeks earlier, was back home again. But did she want a reconciliation? Not at all; she barricaded herself in her old bedroom with a "Do Not Disturb" sign on the doorknob. Involved, somehow, was Mrs. Heifetz' suit for \$3,750 monthly separate maintenance and child support, and Heifetz' counter-offer of \$4,213. Heifetz fiddled while Mrs. Heifetz burned; then, after three days of residence, she departed, without so much as a "Happy New Year." Said the violinist: "It was a deliberate attempt to annoy me."

Looking like a chubby chipmunk in blue snow pants, the Prince of Wales manfully herringboned his way through his first ski lessons at the start of a ten-day snow holiday in Schuls, Switzerland. **Prince Charles**, 14, took his first lesson in private on a secluded slope, demonstrated enough prowess for lesson No. 2



PRINCE CHARLES
Schuss!

to be a more public affair. Beamed Instructor Gisep Heinrich: "His Royal Highness has been doing very well today."

"There's a woman in the wings!" crowed an invitation from the directors of San Francisco's militantly male, amateurly theatrical Bohemian Club. Eyebrows rocketed, but there was a fine turnout to welcome the first woman ever to be invited inside the Bohemian's private dining room: Actress **Helen Hayes**. The first lady of the footlights had a grand time, was treated to a sort of geriatric Hasty Pudding Show by the club's stage-struck captains of industry. "It went off beautifully," observed one member cautiously, "but it's not the sort of thing we expect to do again soon."

All that was missing was a string ensemble whimpering *Hearts and Flowers* when onetime Trumpeter **James Caesar Petrillo**,



CZAR PETRILLO
Gesundheit!

70, put down the baton as \$26,000-a-year leader of the "100% organized" Chicago Local 10 of the American Federation of Musicians, a podium he had occupied for 40 stormy years. Near the end of his 45-minute farewell, the old union dragon who lost his job by a narrow 95 votes in a recent election glanced up at a portrait of himself on the wall, sniffed tentatively and dissolved into tears on the ever-ready shoulder of Toastmaster George Jessel, Jessel, whose tear threshold is lower still joined sympathetically in the sobs: "I can stand to see a woman cry—that can be fixed by a new fur coat. But a man . . ."

On a blackboard was chalked: "Trio Miss France!" But as the French press put it, there were "perturbations" at the Bel-Air Lycée for Girls in Angoulême, near Limoges, and the perturbation was all because Math Teacher **Muguette Fabris**, 22, had gone to Bordeaux to prac-



QUEEN MUGUETTE
Zut!

tice a little solid (89-50-60*) geometry. The judges took one look at Muguette in a swimsuit and—cut! She was Miss France. Back at the Lycée, the principal had no head for figures, made Muguette promise to torgo makeup at school and to come to work by bus instead of her customary bicycle. Muguette was not overly concerned "Movies? Well, if the right contract came along. You know, life in a provincial town is not always rosy."

The "for sale" ad ran in the *Saturday Review*: "Robert Frost house, Shaftsbury, Vermont, 150-year-old Cape Cod, Three fireplaces, 150 acres, Studio, Barn, Small pond, Spectacular view, \$27,500. Poet Frost, 88, suffering from blood clots and now in a Boston hospital, has not lived in the house since 1930, after his wife died and he turned it over to his daughter-in-law and grandson, Naval Architect William Prescott Frost. Since moving to Oregon, they decided to sell the house where the venerable poet had lived for nearly 20 years. The buyer: a doctor—a "longtime Frost fan"—from the same hospital where Frost is a patient."

Retirement was still five years away, but her admirers were already making plans for the old girl's sunset years. Britain's Holiday Camper Billy Butlin offered \$2,800,000 to take her to Penance, Land's End, Torquay—somewhere on the south coast of England. Cunard Chairman Sir John Brocklebank seemed to have the Caribbean in mind. Wherever she winds up, in Penance as a floating Holiday Camp, or in the Caribbean as a luxury boatel, the **Queen Mary**, 26-year-old doyenne of the Cunard fleet, would be in good hands. And besides, getting there would be half the fun.

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1955



1956



1957



1958



1959



1960



1961



1962



1963

The story of a classic

For a decade the Thunderbird has been, quite obviously, the car other manufacturers would have liked to create. It is one of the rarest of cars—a true classic—and that is why it is so difficult to imitate.

Yet the Thunderbird began with a very simple idea: to design a car that would crystallize all the pleasures of driving in one vehicle.

An American original. This was to be a new kind of automobile; a small, personal *luxury* car. It was to be a purely American car, with all the comfort, all the ease of automatic controls, all the blazing performance—and all the reliability—that American engineering skill could give it. And it was to have more; it was to express in every line and every action a unique spirit—a spirit of gaiety, of joy of living that no other car could equal.

The hope was to make the Thunderbird both individual and enduring. If you will take another look at the cars which evolved from this hope—the Thunderbirds on these pages—you will in all probability agree we were successful.

Imitated—but unmatched. Every model is being driven proudly today, and, as a matter of fact, the early ones are already collectors' items, commanding premium prices.

From the start, Thunderbird has been a trendsetter. It created a fresh new look—and inspired a good many echoes. You only have to glance at the newest cars to know that its look, its very lines, have been liberally borrowed by car after car, both here and abroad. It convinced Americans that a car could be both nimble and luxurious. Others have tried to follow that pace-making idea, too. But the whole new Thunderbird concept has never been matched.

No untried fledgling. You can see, looking down the years, that the Thunderbird has changed—but without changing. Each model is different, but the unique look, the zest, the flair for action remain as a basic theme.

What you can't see (but what is very real indeed) is the silky silence and perfection that ten years of development and refinement have given the latest Thunderbirds. There is no substitute for this time, this testing, this refinement. No car could hope to be really "like a Thunderbird" without this decade of development—but that means a ten-year wait.

Meanwhile, hundreds of thousands of drivers have discovered what it means to possess a car built in the classic tradition.

1963: best year yet. According to sales records for the 1963 introductory period, in fact, more people have accepted the keys to new Thunderbirds than in any like period of the car's history. These Thunderbird owners have discovered how deeply satisfying a timeless look of distinction can be. They realize how reassuring it is to own an automobile that is refined and polished in every detail. Indeed, our own very deep pride in the Thunderbird stems in no small measure from the manifest loyalty and pleasure of its owners—as well as the satisfaction any manufacturer can take from creating an unduplicated triumph that has stood the test of time.

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SHOW BUSINESS

TELEVISION

Pitch & Putt

If TV ever loses interest in golf, the game may never be the same again. The rich pros will get poorer, start missing their putts, and have to go back to teaching other people. But so far, the trend is the other way, with TV cameras peering over the shoulder or sighting the roll of a green with nearly every pro who ever endorsed a set of woods. This week ABC begins a new series called *Challenge Golf*. The resident stars are Gary Player and Arnold Palmer, who as a best-ball team will take on various comers in a complicated 13-match series that will eventually chip to bits a \$156,000 prize fund. Between strokes, Palmer himself will supply the commentary. Rough, greens, tees and fairways will be strewn with tiny microphones to pick up the ohs and ahs of the gallery. The vicious snarls of players, and the most intimate remarks between master and caddy.

What's Foreign? Next week *Shell's Wonderful World of Golf* starts a series on NBC pitting American pros against foreign pros on foreign courses. It is so fussy produced that huge camera booms are camouflaged to look like natural vegetation. The host-commentator is Gene Sarazen. In the first match, Gene Littler plays against Scotland's Eric Brown at Gleneagles. Byron Nelson will take on Holland's Gerry de Wit at The Hague. The U.S.'s Dave Ragan will play against the Philippines' Celestino Tugot at Manila's Wack-Wack Golf Club. So it goes for all but one of the eleven matches in the series. In late February Jack Nicklaus plays Sam Snead at Pebble Beach, Calif., and it is difficult to guess what NBC considers foreign—Nicklaus, Snead, or Pebble Beach.

NBC's *All-Star Golf* series, which started on ABC five years ago, is still slamming away. It is worth about \$40,000 in prizes each year, with extra dollops

like \$10,000 for a hole-in-one (none so far) and \$400 for an eagle (22). Since all the matches but one in all three series are already on film, a shrewd gambler might try to get to a cameraman or assistant producer to find out who won. Then all he'd have to do is find a sucker at air time foolish enough to bet.

Better than Periscopes. Television, of course, covers all the major tournaments and many of the money-money-money-but-no-prestige ones, such as the Buick Open (\$52,000) and Palm Springs' Golf Classic (\$50,000). It has even created some of the latter, threatening to throw the whole golfing profession off its economic balance. In September NBC collected Jack Nicklaus, Gary Player and Arnold Palmer into something called *World Series of Golf*. Nicklaus had won \$15,000 taking the U.S. Open. For becoming TV's champion, he won \$50,000.

Who watches all this TV golf? Golfers, mostly. There are 7,000,000 of them in the U.S. now, a jump of 2,000,000 in two years. But old ladies and young men with double hernias like it too. TV covers golf well. Every stroke is adeptly photographed and clearly visible, far more pleasant to pursue with the eyes than by trotting around a course fighting the masses with a cardboard periscope. Advertisers have discovered giddy new meaning in the old term pitch-and-putt.

BROADWAY

The Entertainer

Tony Richardson, 34, is a Yorkshireman who hates things gently. As chief director among the so-called Angry Young Men, he helped Writer John Osborne toss a large red brick through the French doors of conventional English stagecraft, bringing the smell of soot and soft coal into the theater.

He is a tall fellow with fragile hands, a fragile manner, and a coldly unsentimental eye, and he has now come to New

York to stage William Inge's forthcoming *Natural Affection*. This is the story of an unmarried mother (Kim Stanley) whose son returns from reform school, shows raging jealousy toward her lover, and eventually becomes a murderer. Despite its grim outline, Inge can be counted on to have loaded the whole with rich marblings of mawkishness. Richardson can be counted on to melt the mawkishness away.

Discipline of Loneliness. After directing the original London production of Osborne's *Look Back in Anger* in 1956, Richardson went into partnership with Osborne to form Woodfall Films, whose productions have been the most distinctive in British filmmaking in the last few years: *Look Back in Anger*, *The Entertainer*, *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning*, *A Taste of Honey*, and *The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner*. Between times, he has staged Osborne's *Luther* in the West End, directed Laurence Olivier in the stage version of *The Entertainer* and Joan Plowright in Inge's *The Chairs*. He made *Sanctuary* for 20th Century-Fox, and remembers Hollywood with the same distaste that Hollywood reserves for him. His current film project is Henry Fielding's *Tom Jones*. "This is a holiday film," he says. "a lot of colorful, sexy fun. But anyone who says Woodfall has abandoned making serious social films can go to hell."

Of all his plays and movies, Richardson most closely identifies with the *Long Distance Runner*. A druggist's son, he was sent to "a terrible, horrible off-white sort of public school" which was evacuated to the Lake District during the war. There discipline slipped away to naught and Richardson spent much of his time

He is no kin to British Actor Sir Ralph Richardson.



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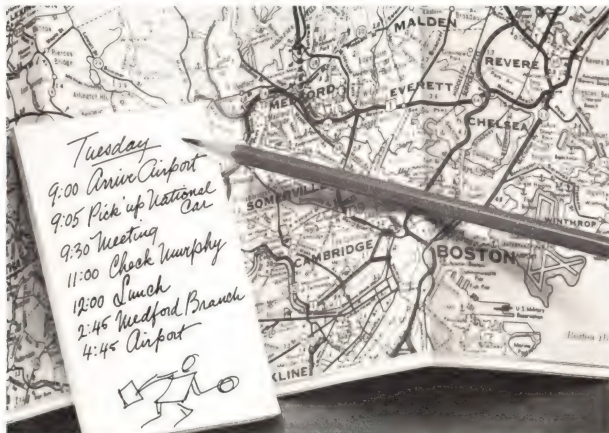


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Turn next to the richly illustrated history of Persia, the oldest political entity on earth. Or admire the timeless genius of Blaise Pascal, or the charm of Miss Claudia Cardinale. Explore the multiple marvels of Oxford. Enjoy (or deplore) the paintings of the new "pop art" realists who are rising from the remains of abstract expressionism. Smile at a survey of gluttony. (Was the glory of Italy smothered by pasta?)

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DIRECTOR RICHARDSON & WIFE
 Love are meaningless.

wandering the countryside alone, much like the Borstal boy in the film taking his long training runs.

"I hated all authority," he remembers, and adds that he hopes this essential attitude has never left him. After that school, Oxford was a release. He read English and learned his eventual craft by joining the celebrated Oxford University Dramatic Society.

To achieve in his films a characteristic sense of the toughness and bitterness of Britain's working class, he prefers to shoot in a street or a tenement rather than a studio. He understands actors and how to use them. "Actors are the most civilized, sweet, and well-behaved race of people in the world," he says. "They have an extraordinary emotional ruthlessness too. It's terribly difficult to know where the center of an actor is. They don't quite know who they are. They want to be villain, hero, king and slob all at the same time." He gives them ample room for improvisation when they are working for him. "People are spontaneous and do quick, true little things," he explains. "I can control it afterward in the cutting room."

Small Ripple. He now describes the term *Angry Young Men* as "a journalistic label that is meaningless." The writers so described he says, are actually artists who deal in social protest but do not hack at it; they symbolize no social revolution. "I wish there were a social revolution in England," he says, "but there hasn't been a ripple of one."

There is sometimes a bit of a ripple at home. Richardson is married to Actress Vanessa Redgrave, who makes speeches in Hyde Park and goes on demonstration marches for the anti-the-bomb movement. Richardson is tolerant but unyielding. In his view, "peace is helped by bombs." The mutual-deterrent thesis is "the only realistic way." At the moment Vanessa has been forced to leave her crusading to others. Her father, Sir Michael Redgrave, is due to be a grandfather before spring.

TIME, JANUARY 18, 1963



SHOW

A sharp look at life through the roving eye of the arts

A sampling from the January issue, frankly designed to convince you that *SHOW* for a year is a brilliant buy at \$5.75

THE TIN DRUM:

A great talent, Günter Grass, speaks from the intellectual wreckage of the Third Reich. *SHOW* presents a major excerpt from the powerful, disturbing novel that rocked Germany and gave heart to the new European Generation of the Concerned.



Bert Lahr upstages himself 5 times in S. J. Perelman's murderous farce, *The Beauty Part*. *SHOW* profiles Lahr, the many-splendored thing, in each of his wildly absurd roles.



He can't read a note. Undaunted by this detail, Lionel Bart, at 31, has created three musicals which are smash hits in London. One of them is *Oliver!*, currently wowing the colonials in New York. *SHOW* gives you the background on

Bart and his sudden rise to transatlantic fame.

Capitol comedy. Russell Baker in "The Senate As Theater" laments the retirement of the great impresario, Lyndon Johnson, as director of the Senate. Baker views the Upper House as a full-scale production complete with spear carriers, prompters and cliff-hanging last-minute rescues.

The Soho Strip.

His Lordship has driven the "bras-sies" underground, reports ex-con, now successful novelist, Frank Norman. England's clean-up commission, headed by Lord Wolfenden, has stimulated the growth of a new "cultural" activity on the London scene.



Death as a spectacle: A look at man's abiding fascination with the drama of death, and his changing views about its meaning, in a portfolio of final scenes from the Colosseum to the race track at Le Mans.

Lunatic Fringe: A manic dialogue between the authors of *Beyond the Fringe* and *SHOW* on Anglo/American

humor, fame, money, New York, and sundry other unimportant subjects.

The rape of Shelby, Montana, as remembered by a man who was there—Westbrook Pegler. Pegler takes you back to the bout between Jack Dempsey and Tommy Gibbons on July 4, 1923—one of the wildest, most improbable incidents in the free-wheeling days of fisticuffs.

EVERY MONTH, a special section spells out in chapter and verse what's good, what's great and what's worth missing on TV, at the movies, in the galleries, on stage, at the concert hall, in books and records. In January: Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., has some trenchant words on the latest offerings of Orson Welles. Luis Buñuel, et al... *SHOW*'s writers review Vol. II of Anthony Eden's memoirs... make a pictorial call on Marc Chagall... interview Alberto Giacometti. Anthony West takes a long look at *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*... an eminent Indian editor discusses Menon... Publisher Gibney reports on *SHOW*'s first Inter-American Symposium on the Arts... Carroll Kilpatrick looks at the juggling act President Kennedy is practicing for the 88th Congress.

As you can see, *SHOW* is the sounding board for the truly untrammelled minds of our era—the men and women who live with the arts. People like John O'Hara, Laurence Durrell, Alberto Moravia, Al Capp, Barnaby Conrad. And in coming months, Ian Fleming, Irving Penn, Igor Stravinsky, Graham Greene, Vincent Sheean—a vivid gallery of brilliant minds deliberately chosen to inform, entertain, agitate—even intimidate. Only blandness is proscribed.

You would expect a magazine that looks at life through the rich and varied windows of the arts to be superb visually. *SHOW* will not disappoint you. *SHOW* is big, thick, and handsome, with magnificent art reproductions, brilliant photography, exciting typography and design, fine paper—a delight to read, a pleasure to look at.

We admit to a certain bias—but then we think you will be equally partisan after you've looked over your first issue. And we're sure you'll agree with us that *SHOW* for a year is a remarkable bargain at \$5.75. Send us your coupon today.

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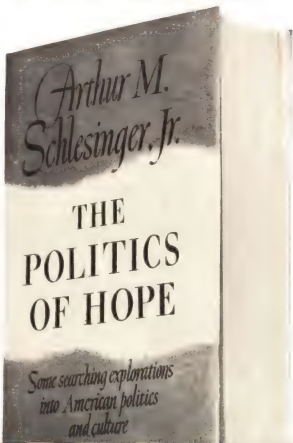
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MEDICINE

VIROLOGY

Search for "Essential Factors" In Causes of Human Cancer

Researchers who are probing the mysteries of the relationship between viruses and human cancer may be tackling the most difficult job in all of medicine. It would be tough enough if their task involved whole viruses, most of which cannot be seen and can be photographed only with the electron microscope. But cancer research must make even more minute explorations inside viruses; it must chart the behavior of molecules in a no man's land between the living and the nonliving.

A few elements in the mystery have been clarified, says "Viruses and Cancer," a progress report published this week by Manhattan's Sloan-Kettering Institute for Cancer Research. In many of the cancers, including leukemias, of domestic fowl and laboratory animals, a virus is an essential factor. But to say that a virus causes the cancer may be an oversimplification. The tubercle bacillus is the one essential factor in tuberculosis, but millions of people carry the bacillus without ever developing the disease. By analogy, researchers argue, it may be that viruses or viruslike particles of whatever origin are essential factors in human as well as in animal cancers. But it takes something else as well to bring on the disease, even though the virus particles may have been harbored for half a lifetime.

Not from Air Alone. Another seeming certainty is that no matter how viruses may be involved, cancer is not an infectious disease in the ordinary sense. Nobody catches lung cancer because a victim of the disease coughs in his face. From animals it appears that something like a virus, plus some sort of physical or chemical irritant may be needed to bring on the disease. Mice do not get lung cancer from polluted air alone, nor from influenza virus. But they may develop something remarkably like human lung cancer if they are both infected with flu virus and exposed to air-polluting chemicals.

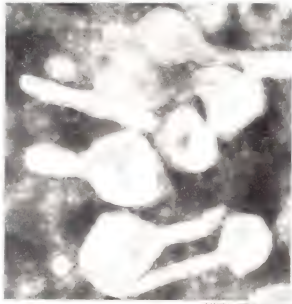
A dozen different viruses have been found to cause cancer in mice, and they show a bewildering variety of behavior. Some are clearly inherited. One is passed on from generation to generation in mouse-mothers' milk, so daughter mice develop breast cancer. A male mouse may be a healthy carrier of this virus and infect a female with which he is mated. Mice that show no signs of harboring a leukemia virus may develop the full-blown disease, and produce the virus plentifully, after they are exposed to X rays.

Still more confusing are the crossovers between species. Millions of monkeys carry a virus which apparently does them no harm. But this virus, known as SV-40, may cause tumors if injected into hamsters. Viruses found in human tissues and in some rat cancers make hamsters bear deformed young with features resembling human mongolism. One virus that nor-

mally causes only gripe in man will cause cancer in hamsters.

Packaged Virus. Most baffling of all are the disappearing tactics of viruses involved in cancer. In one rabbit tumor the virus cannot be detected in new dividing cells, but is readily found in old cells where it has already done its damage. This seems to be a case, says the Sloan-Kettering report, of "the more active, the less evident." And it is the opposite of the situation in most viral infectious diseases, in which the virus abounds and is easily detectable as the fever approaches its climax, because infected cells are then mass-producing new virus particles.

The structure of many viruses in their



MOUSE LEUKEMIA VIRUS. MAGNIFIED 150,000 TIMES
The more active, the less evident.

conventional forms is well known. They consist of a core of nucleic acid—either ribonucleic acid (RNA) or deoxyribonucleic acid (DNA)—wrapped in a protein overcoat. It is in this form that they are most readily detectable. And also, it appears, most active: the naked nucleic acid alone (stripped of its overcoat by delicate chemical means) can produce most of the effects of the whole virus, but it is a thousand times less powerful. Evidently, the researchers suggest, the virus needs to be "carefully packaged for safe transmission." One effective package design is like a tadpole: the virus uses its tail as a stinger to pierce the cell and inject the nucleic acid. Researchers at the National Cancer Institute have just reported photographic evidence that this is the mode of attack used by a mouse leukemia virus.

Foiled so far in their efforts to find viruses that can be indicted as essential factors in human cancer, the researchers are looking for guidelines in viruses that parasitize lower forms of life. They have

a suggestive clue in diphtheria bacilli. All the microbes of this species can cause infection in man, but only a few have the dread power to manufacture the poison that leads to the formation of a deadly, strangling membrane across the victim's throat. And this power depends on the microbes' being infected, in their turn, with a tiny particle of nucleic acid—the core of a virus, which has penetrated the bacterial cell. Why should not human cells become cancerous when a similar fragment of viral nucleic acid gets into their chromosomes and causes them to reproduce abnormally? By this reasoning, viruses have been called "bits of heredity in search of a chromosome."

From Plant to Man. It may be, according to Sloan-Kettering's Director Frank L. Horsfall Jr., that there are no



RESEARCHER HORSFALL

special cancer-inducing viruses, but that in the appropriate host and in the appropriate circumstances perhaps any virus can invade the chromosomes of a cell and start the process of abnormal reproduction which we call cancer. A bit of evidence in support of this view came from Sweden's famed Geneticist Albert Levan. He has found breaks or changes in the chromosomes of children recovering from measles. Though he still has no proof that such changes lead to cancer in later life, Dr. Levan is checking the effects of other common viruses.

It was in the tobacco plant that viruses were first shown to be capable of causing disease of any kind. Then came foot-and-mouth disease. Only after that was a disease of man—yellow fever—attributed to a virus that nobody had yet seen. Now, though words such as virus, gene, mutation and even infection are taking on new meanings, medical history may be repeating itself as the cancer studies advance from plants to animals to man.

■ *Report to truck operators from B.F. Goodrich*



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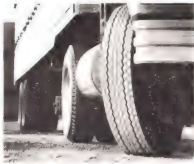
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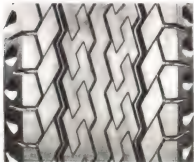
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THE THEATER

Suffocated Souls

Desire Under the Elms, by Eugene O'Neill, seems, after 38 years, as familiar as inherited folklore. It is the mid-19th century New England saga of the flinty, greedy, God-bedeveled, lust-maddened Cabot clan and its interminable struggle over the family farm. To possess it, the sons wish their father dead, brother plots against brother, a young woman marries a fanatical old man, seduces his son to obtain an heir, and murders the infant to repossess the son's love. George C. Scott plays the fire-breathing old father



TORN, DEWHURST & SCOTT IN "DESIRE"
To be or not to be god.

Ephraim with monomaniacal force. As the woman, Colleen Dewhurst achieves a masterly transitional shading between feline will and wiles and the wholesome vulnerability of love. Son Eben is played by Rip Torn, who unfortunately adopts a tone of flat understatement and clenched-nerves hysteria that tends to throw the play's passions off pitch.

Despite their best efforts, the actors seem to be playing with dramatic fireworks rather than setting the drama on fire. Part of the trouble is the arena stage: *Desire's* sense of puritanically suffocated beings seeps away on a wall-less stage, and, paradoxically, the movie-close-up intimacy of such a stage makes silence more dramatically potent than speech. The deepest flaw is O'Neill's failure to understand the essence of the Greek tragedies from which he borrowed. The Greek hero was a man trying to be god and failing, the tragedy of overweening pride. O'Neill's heroes indict god for failing to be god, or even to be; they suffer the pathos of grievance at man's inscrutable lot. By superimposing the events of the Greeks on the attitudes of moderns, O'Neill gives playgoers the sometimes heartrending spectacle of a man undone by numbing catastrophes, but never the elevating grandeur of a man so towering that he is struck down by jealous Fate.

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EDUCATION

PUBLIC EDUCATION

"Too Many Undisciplined Brains"

Max Rafferty, who calls himself a "conservative revolutionist," had hardly been sworn in last week as California's superintendent of public instruction when he let go with a bracing blast at the "pahlumized" progressive education that he says afflicts California. If he has his way, Rafferty will bring about "nothing less than the philosophical-educational reorientation of the greatest state in the union."

Says Rafferty: "California leads in school buildings, supplies, equipment, number of years of training for teachers, psychology and methodology and in salary scale. But in the area of subject-matter achievement of its young people, we are not the top state by any means." His manifesto: "The schools exist to teach organized and disciplined subjects. There are too many undisciplined brains running around the world today."

Love of Country. "Knowledge is the only thing that stands between national survival and destruction," says Rafferty. He particularly singled out the non-textbooks put out by publishers who for years have been "brainwashed by curriculum experts and school superintendents." Rafferty's prescription:

"We need to get more glamour and suspense back in the readers. The kids are tough little creatures. They learn to read, not because their parents or teachers want them to, but because they are interested enough to go on to the next page. They used to read excitedly about Hansel and Gretel pushing their grandma into the oven,* but the kids didn't go around afterward pushing their own grandmothers into the oven."

"I can't recommend a single fifth-grade American history text. They talk of the wives of pioneers making linsey-woolsey dresses and men chopping down trees, but they omit things like the Monroe Doctrine. They are not subversive but childish. A fifth-grader deserves something better. I want elementary schoolchildren taught love of country at an early age. I make no bones about this. If this is indoctrination, I don't understand the meaning of the word. It's just common sense. There isn't any need for flag waving or emotionalism. All we need to do is teach the facts compellingly and interestingly, and we'll get good, dedicated citizens. We've done it in the past. We can do it again."

The Teacher-Parent Split. Such impassioned prose got Republican Rafferty, a former rural school superintendent and father of three, elected to his nonpartisan post last November in a landslide victory for which California's standpat educators had a big share of the blame. "There is a great difference between lead-



RAFFERTY (WITH WIFE) TAKING OATH
A sting in the vested interests.

ers of my profession and parents," says Rafferty. "My job is to keep this rift from growing larger."

His success depends in part on Governor Pat Brown who appoints the state board of education, nine of whose ten members opposed Rafferty's election. Rafferty's job is mainly to carry out Brown's and the board's policies. Last week, as a starter, he happily backed Brown's idea for a youth conservation corps to get bad boys out of the classrooms and into the fields for hard work. But the job also gives Rafferty a platform for his eloquence, and he obviously intends to let the vested interests of education feel the full sting of it.

NATIONAL SERVICE

Precept Corps

When a boy from Berkeley joins the Peace Corps to teach young Ghanaians, that's idealism with a touch of glamour; when he signs up to teach in Harlem, that's plain idealism. When a Kansas nurse helps Pakistani psychotics, that's useful and also exotic; when she helps Navajo neurotics, that's just useful. Last week the Kennedy Administration approved the blueprint for a project abundantly idealistic and daringly short of glamour: the domestic Peace Corps, probably to be known by the undramatic title of National Service Corps.*

The Administration expects hot objections, typified by Ohio Senator Frank Lausche's recent blast that "we have legions of Peace Corps workers already in our country"—he mentioned ministers, parents, teachers, social workers, the police, and parole officers. The Administration argues that thousands of idealistic students and others need a Government agency (probably under the Health, Education and Welfare Department) to organize, pay and steer them into good

works. "We need to offer visible avenues of service to these people," says a White House study group.

The goal is to alleviate some conditions uncomfortably similar to those of countries where the Peace Corps works. The White House is concerned about:

► An estimated 30% of youths entering the U.S. labor force in the 1960s will not have finished high school. Some 23% of all nonwhite adults in the U.S. are "functional illiterates"—unable to read even want ads.

► Most children of the nation's 500,000 migrant workers (average annual wage: \$911) receive little or no schooling. The same goes for the nation's 285,000 reservation-bound American Indians. U.S. jails, prisons and reformatories hold thousands of people "desperately in need of basic education and training."

► More than 165,000 new Cuban refugees include 13,000 children without parents. An estimated 35% of all mothers in big cities cannot afford prenatal care.

NSC alone cannot possibly produce solutions. As currently planned, its function is to be a kind of "Precept Corps"—sending small groups of trained volunteers into troubled areas at the request of local people and working under their orders. By example, the volunteers are supposed to spur greater local action—soon working themselves out of a job and moving on to another trouble spot.

Harvesting Idealism. NSC aims to start small with 500 volunteers by mid-summer, probably hit peak strength in three years with 3,000 to 5,000 members. It will cost then about \$10 million a year (one-sixth of this year's Peace Corps budget). For recruits, it will rely heavily on students and retired people, demanding slightly lower physical standards than the overseas Peace Corps. Domestic corpsmen need not be college graduates, but will have to be U.S. citizens aged at least 18 (no top limit), with warm, steady characters and almost any useful skill. They will get four to six weeks' training at colleges and universities, serve for one year without pay, get mustering-out pay of about \$900. Though draft-deferred, they will not be exempt from later military service. As Interior Secretary Stewart Udall recently put it: "We seek a new harvest of idealism that we have let lie fallow here at home."

In Darkest America. Will such high-caliber volunteers come forward? Quiet polls at 70 campuses have shown high enthusiasm. A growing trend among collegians to tutor slum kids and help the aged is additional evidence. Next month the U.S. National Student Association will sponsor a conference to spur NSC.

NSC volunteers can be sure of at least one thing: their work in parts of darkest America may be harder than if they went to darkest Africa. "We don't want softies," says one Administration planner. "National Service Corps work won't be a picnic in Central Park nor an outing at Coney Island. In some places, it will be tougher than serving in the Peace Corps overseas."

* Actually, it was the wicked witch, and Gretel did it all alone.

* And no kin to the Administration's proposed Youth Conservation Corps for putting jobless youngsters to work.

SCIENCE

SPACE TECHNOLOGY

Fixing Up Telstar

Lobbing a working communications satellite out to the fringes of space was a signal achievement. The task of repairing it in orbit seemed wildly improbable. But when Bell Telephone Laboratories' Telstar sullenly ignored a command after four months of faithful performance, Bell's electronic doctors wasted no time. While unresponsive Telstar circled the earth in silence, they spent six frantic weeks in their labs concocting a cure for its ailment.

Practical experience with Relay, the communications satellite built by RCA, was no help. Relay, which went into orbit on Dec. 13, refused to work properly right from the start; a defective part let most of the power leak out of its storage battery. But Relay still obeyed commands. It was told to throw switches to isolate the faulty transponder (transmitter-receiver). Solar cells were able to recharge the satellite's battery. Last week Relay was in operation, using its spare transponder.

Diagnosis. Telstar, which had no spare transponder, was in much more serious trouble. But its case was not hopeless. Its radio beacon was transmitting normally; so were the host of instruments that report by telemetry on its internal condition. They showed that Telstar's solar cells were generating plenty of electricity. Its temperature was normal, and no intruder, such as a meteorite, had damaged its delicate nervous system. Apparently the only trouble was in the command decoders. Telstar was able-bodied, but without working decoders it could not hear and obey commands.

One clue to Telstar's trouble was the curious manner in which the satellite had quit. Several times before total failure it had reluctantly obeyed a command only after it had been repeated for many minutes. This suggested that the pas-



sage of a signal through one of the ailing decoders tended to cure it in much the same way that exercise helps some human ills.

But what disease of space is cured by electrical exercise? The Bell men were aware that transistors behave strangely after they are bathed in powerful radiation. Ions (electrically charged particles) released by the radiation are attracted to electrically charged parts of the transistors. There they form a surface layer that prevents the transistors from working properly. Something of this sort may have happened to Telstar. It was built to resist an expected level of radiation in space, but just before it was launched, the U.S. exploded a powerful nuclear test bomb above the atmosphere near Johnston Island (TIME, July 20). Eminent scientists had dismissed the suggestion that the test would create much high-level radiation, but their forecast was wildly wrong. Telstar's instruments reported long-lasting radiation 100 times as strong as had been expected.

Zero Gate. To find out whether space radiation was the guilty party, Bell engineers hooked up a command decoder just like Telstar's and exposed it to gamma rays in a shielded chamber. It went out of action quickly, and the engineers traced the trouble to a single transistor called the "zero gate" designed to react to short pulses—coded zeros—in command signals. With the zero-counting transistor blocked by ions, the decoder could receive no zeros, and a binary code, which consists only of zeros and ones, is meaningless if deprived of half its vocabulary.

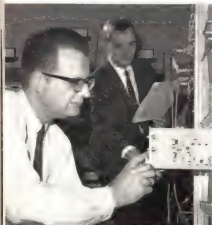
Theory was reinforced by practice when the engineers sent a long string of commands to the experimental decoder in the radiation chamber. Passage of the command signal through the decoder reduced the voltage on the zero-gate transistor. Its clustered ions dissipated, and the gate counted zeros once more.

This was the treatment that had doctored Telstar in the early stage of its radiation sickness, but stronger medicine was needed now. The electronic medicine men figured that one way to open the blocked zero gate would be to shut off power from Telstar's storage battery. When Telstar went into the earth's shadow, its solar cells would stop generating electricity. Telstar's sick transistors would lose all voltage. Their unwanted ions would drift away, allowing the circuitry to revive.

Ailing Transistors. But how to throw a switch on an orbiting satellite that cannot hear commands? This knotty problem was solved by devising a new code language. The short zero pulses in the code were replaced by longer pulses with notches (a sort of hesitation) in their centers. These special pulses were designed to fool the decoder's "one gate," which advances a counter when it receives a long pulse (meaning a "one") and also stores the one in a memory system. The notched pulse, the engineers figured, would make the one gate advance the counter, but would not make it store a one in its memory. This is just what a short zero pulse is supposed to do when it passes through the zero gate.

Engineer Henry Mann put commands in the special new code, recorded them on magnetic tape and took them to Maine. When Telstar's orbit brought it near the ground station at Andover, Mann flashed a notched-pulse order telling Telstar to open a particular switch. The satellite doctors waited anxiously. Then a light glowed and meaningful numbers appeared in a punched tape. Telstar's telemetry system was reporting that the order had been understood and obeyed.

Next planned step was to turn off the storage battery so that ailing transistors could be rested and freed of ionization. This was a risky move; if it went wrong it might permanently silence Telstar's beacon and telemetry, turning it into a space derelict. While the engineers were bracing themselves to take the risk, Telstar decided the problem for them. Its decoder misunderstood a minor test command, reading it as an order to disconnect its battery.



BELL ENGINEERS TESTING AND (RIGHT) IRRADIATING TELSTAR'S DECODER
Notched pulses for unwanted ions.

When Telstar passed into the shadow of the earth, its solar cells went out of action too. With no power of any kind, the telemetry and beacon died. According to theory, the troubleshooting ions were now clearing away from the transistors, but no one could be sure. For all the engineers knew, their notched code might have killed Telstar.

But the satellite was only resting. When it came into the sunlight again, its solar cells awoke and energized its circuits. A command went up from Andover in normal code language, and the decoder understood and obeyed. After the voltage-removal treatment had been repeated several times, the satellite recovered completely from its radiation sickness. Smoothly and precisely, it obeyed normal commands and transmitted TV pictures as crisply as it had when it was young in space.

GEOPHYSICS

The Making of Mountains

Back in the days when Grandpa went to grade school, geography teachers had no trouble explaining how the earth's mountains are formed. The earth is cooling and shrinking, they told the kids; its crust has wrinkled into mountain ranges like the skin of a drying apple. Modern geophysicists, who believe that the earth was cold when it started its career, have abandoned this charmingly simple theory. Trouble is, they have had little luck developing a satisfactory substitute.

Now, Physicist Raymond A. Lyttleton

than solid rock. So when the core liquefied, it was squeezed into a smaller amount of space, allowing the layers about it to settle down too.

Most of the earth's material is plastic enough to contract evenly, but the thin surface crust is rigid. Instead of contracting smoothly when the core shrank, it cracked and wrinkled, just as in the old theory. Sometimes parts of the earth's crust slid over other parts like sheets of ice in a fast-flowing river. These surface irregularities, much changed by erosion, are the earth's mountains.

Lyttleton figures that the earth's compressible liquid core, which can be studied by means of earthquake waves, has caused the earth to shrink about 400 miles in diameter. Some 20 million square miles of crust have been tucked away in mountainous folds and wrinkles. How long this process will continue, Lyttleton does not know. But mountains are still rising, and Lyttleton estimates that if the entire earth were to liquefy, it would lose another 50 miles of diameter.

The moon and Mars, Lyttleton calculates, are too small to have liquid cores, and this may be why neither of them has mountain ranges. But Venus is about the same size as the earth, is probably made of much the same material, and it may have a shrinking liquid core. As man's space probes continue to study the distant planet, they may discover that it has a pattern of wrinkled, earth-type mountains hidden under its cloud deck.

ENTOMOLOGY

8,000 Dangerous Females

The white-trimmed brick building at Beltsville, Md., is swarming with frustrated maidens and looks like a young ladies' finishing school. But there are no students among the 8,000 carefully segregated females who live there. They all work for the U.S. Department of Agriculture, and they spend their lives in milk cans warmed by a gentle stream of air. Raised and cared for by Entomologist Robert T. Yamamoto, these sex-starved cockroaches are fed on dog meal, and their only job is to exude a sex lure that drives male cockroaches crazy.

Entomologists have long known that female cockroaches use perfume to advertise their nubility. Army chemists at Natick, Mass., once extracted a powerfully attractive substance from filter paper crawled over by virgin females, but it was mixed up with too many other materials to be analyzed successfully. The Beltsville system is better; the air passing through the cans carries the cockroach perfume to a flask cooled by Dry Ice. There the vapor condenses and is periodically collected. After an elaborate purification process, Dr. Yamamoto has saved up 12.2 milligrams (1,000/82) of pure attractant, equivalent to the perfume produced by 10,000 virgin females advertising themselves over a nine-month period.

Active Oil. The yellow liquid has only a faintly oily smell to human nostrils, but what it does to male cockroaches is a

sight to behold. Only a bit more than one-third of a thousandth of a billionth of a billionth of an ounce wafted into their cage starts them running around madly, vibrating their wings and trying to mate with each other.

After Dr. Yamamoto collected a working amount of sex lure, his colleagues, Chemists Martin Jacobson and Morton Beronza, determined its chemical structure. This called for long and delicate procedures. At last, the chemists decided that



MALE COCKROACHES EXCITED BY LURE
Dry-lured for safe handling.

the active attractant is 2,2-dimethyl-3-isopropylidene-cyclopropyl propionate. In spite of its formidable name, it is not very complicated for an organic compound, so Jacobson and Beronza are sure that it can be synthesized in quantity without much trouble.

Sneaky Scheme. When this is done, it may mean the end for at least one kind of cockroach, *Periplaneta americana*, the species bred by Dr. Yamamoto. The males cannot resist its attraction, so they can be lured easily into baited traps. But this simple scheme does not satisfy the anti-cockroach forces. The females will not be affected, they point out, and a few males attracted to them in the age-old way will work overtime to make them lay fertile eggs.

Much better, say the Beltsville entomologists, is the sneakier scheme of using synthetic sex lure to trick the males into crawling over a chemical that will sterilize them but do them no harm in any other way. They will mate normally with normal females whenever they get the opportunity.

Once the females have mated, they lose all their scented appeal. They lay about 14 eggs per week for the rest of their lives while the males take no further notice of them. But each female that has mated with a sterilized male lays only infertile eggs. If most of the males in a given locality have been sterilized, then most of the females will have no living offspring, and the cockroach population will plunge toward zero. The same unspurring trick, say the Beltsville scientists, should work on other insects that use sex perfumes, including bollworms, army worms and corn borers.



PHYSICIST LYTTLETON
Wrinkles from a shrunken core.

of Cambridge University proposes a return to the wrinkle theory of mountain building—but with a difference. The earth was cool and solid when it was formed, says Lyttleton; then radioactivity gradually heated its rocky material. A few billion years ago, the earth's central core got hot enough to change from a plastic solid to a true liquid. Under the enormous pressure that exists near the center of the earth, liquid rock is more compressible

MUSIC

SYMPHONIES

Eclectic Hermit

"The professional critics will no doubt call this work eclectic," said Leonard Bernstein, warming to one of his fireside chats from the podium of Manhattan's Philharmonic Hall. "Very well. Here are the elements you may find: certainly Schoenberg, Mahler, perhaps Bartok. This is the music of a very eclectic man, and you should hear the passion of Spain, the worldliness of Vienna, the German methodology, the English love of tradition." With that, New York Philharmonic Pianist Paul Jacobs sounded the first six notes of the tone row with a crashing force that introduced to the U.S. the haunting *Symphony No. 1* of Spanish-Exile Composer Roberto Gerhard. When the final note was sounded by a lone violin, it was clear that the premiere had been long overdue.

Speed & Excitement. Gerhard, 66, fled Spain during the Civil War. Earlier he had studied with Schoenberg in Vienna



COMPOSER GERHARD
His way a lonely one.

and Berlin, but he decided to go to England and settled at Cambridge, turning down teaching offers in favor of life as a freelance composer. "Teaching would have been safety-first," he says, "a sign of lack of confidence to survive." Instead, he adopted a hermit's quiet and began turning out a blizzard of atonal music. The *Symphony No. 1*, composed in 1953, was not played publicly in England until last February, but it has already made Gerhard a major English *succès d'estime*.

Gerhard's music is splashed with cliff-hanging melodies that grow out of his insistence that twelve-tone composition need not always be atonal. "There are alarming signs that composition with

twelve tones may become a Cause," he wrote while working on his symphony, then proved his freedom from causes by building his music on rhythmic patterns outlawed by the canons of serial technique. The *First Symphony* opens with a lively burst of serial figures, repeated over and over in headstrong violation of Schoenberg's rules. Rushing excitement then gives way to the eerie calm of the second movement: the science-fiction-thriller sound of Gerhard's adagio strings led the admiring critic of the London Times to pronounce the imagery of Gerhard's world "as excitingly mysterious as that of any space traveller."

In the final movement, a race of violins and piano goes so fast that a second-chair man complained during rehearsals that it could not be played at all. "Wait till you get excited," Bernstein said, and in last week's performances, the movement came off beautifully.

Meat & Poison. Gerhard has just completed a string quartet to add to the thick sheaf of compositions that has followed the *First Symphony*—another symphony, a concerto for harpsichord, strings and percussion, and a new work called *Concert for Eight*, which is scored for an accordion and seven instruments "masked" to produce odd sounds. He is totally unconcerned about the cool public reception his works usually find. When a listener cried "Rubbish!" at the close of a Gerhard concert in England two years ago, Gerhard blithely said: "One man's meat is another man's poison, but I hope the man who thinks my music is rubbish may soon become civilized."

OPERA

The French Teuton

Though every German soprano worthy of her breastplate has sung the role of the Marschallin in Strauss's *Der Rosenkavalier*, other singers keep a respectful distance. The Marschallin's notes are within easy reach of the best sopranos but dramatically her role is too restrained for Italians, too aristocratic for Americans, too Viennese for the French. Last week though, a French soprano named Régine Crespin sang the final Marschallin of her first season at the Metropolitan Opera. It was the best at the Met since Lotte Lehmann's swan song 16 years ago.

Head & Heart. When Crespin made her Met debut last fall, a critical audience was as startled by her temerity as it was pleased by her voice. Lehmann herself—the peerless Marschallin—had returned at 74 to coach the new singer but Crespin clearly had ideas of her own. "We have met an impasse," Crespin said then went onstage to offer a compromise interpretation of the role that even Lehmann had to admire. True to her introspective notion of Strauss's aging princess, Crespin sang the first act at fingertip touch, hiding her immense voice behind a melancholy that was queenly and cool. Only in the final

act did she display the full range of her vocal power; when she did, she reached the Met's distant chairs with astonishing clarity.

Good French singers are as rare as good French boxers, but Crespin is the grand exception. Born in Marseille in 1927, she made her debut at the Paris Opera at 24 in *Lohengrin*, and the German repertory has been her forte ever since. Audiences at Bayreuth and Vienna have been astonished by the precision of her diction, a triumph Crespin considers her most significant. "When I have a success,"



SOPRANO CRESPIN
Her successes double ones.

she says "it is a double one. I always have to fight against the Italian and German sopranos." On her top notes, her insistence on singing all the consonants often makes her voice sound forced, but Crespin is unconcerned: "I always give preference to the word rather than the voice. The head and the heart come first."

Fear & Anguish. Built on the grand scale of the heavy roles she prefers, Crespin is the sort of singing actress who can seem desirable as Tosca and despairing enough for *The Masked Bull*. "Opera is an art of convention," she says "and no one appears ridiculous who has dramatic command of the role." Her voice, chilly in its lack of vibrato but warm in its swelling power, makes her best for the German opera, and the summit of her ambition is to sing Isolde. Crespin and her Alsatian husband live quietly on a demanding musical diet dictated by her commitments to opera. Her life is now crowded by a 48-week-a-year schedule, but she earnestly gives her free time to learning new roles. As her repertory grows, she is plagued by a persistent dream: she comes onstage, sings two acts, then in the third forgets all her lines. "What fear! What anguish!" she exclaims.

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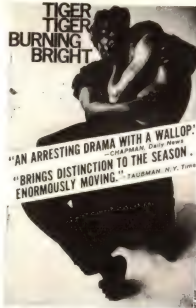
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SPORT

Sweet Revenge

The Los Angeles Open, first event on the winter pro tour, is hardly the ultimate test of golf. But it does have \$50,000 in prize money, and until last week, it enjoyed a certain notoriety as one of the only two major U.S. tournaments that Arnold Palmer has never won (the other the P.G.A.). Three-time Masters champion, winner of the U.S. and British Opens and of more money in one year (\$81,448 last season) than any other golfer in history, Palmer had played in the tournament seven times, had never finished better than tenth. On the 508-yd., par-5 ninth hole at Los Angeles' Rancho Municipal Golf Course, there is even an aluminum plaque to commemorate an event that Palmer would just as soon forget. In 1964, gambling for an eagle on the hole, he hit four balls out of bounds—wound up with a twelve. "What happened?" asked a solicitous friend. Replied Palmer, with remarkable good humor: "I missed a putt for an eleven."

Last week golf's reigning king got his revenge. His tee shots caromed 300 yds. and more down Rancho's rock-hard fairways, his approach shots died quietly inches from the pin, and his putts banged boldly into the cup. At first, other pros hogged the headlines: smooth-swinging Gene Littler led briefly; aging 42 Dutch Harrison flashed enough of his old form to take the second-round lead; and Art Wall, the 1950 Masters winner, shot a third-round 67, four strokes under par. But the gallery paid little attention. By the time Palmer teed off for his final round, three strokes behind Wall, 5,000 jostling fans had enlisted in Arnie's Army,

hoping for another of the blazing finishes that make Palmer the most exciting player in golf. They got it.

On the 300-yd., par-4 fourth hole, Arnie almost drove the green to set up an easy birdie. He birdied the seventh, the eighth and the ninth, sank a 20-ft. putt on the 10th for his fourth birdie in a row.

All around the course, scoreboard-flashed the news of Palmer's rally, and his competitors began to falter. Art Wall bogeyed three holes in a row, Arnie himself faltered momentarily on the 11th: he drove into the rough, over-shot the green with his approach, staggered through a double-bogey six. "It was," smiled Palmer, "an easy six." Again, on the par-3, 243-yd. 17th, Palmer seemed in trouble. His No. 4 iron carried over the green on the nubby apron, 50 ft. from the pin. Palmer studied the lie. He pulled out a putter, punched the ball—and watched it roll smack into the cup for a birdie.

His score for that last round was a sizzling 66; at the end, his nearest competitor was three strokes behind, Jack Nicklaus. Palmer's heir presumptive, wound up tied for 24th. Other pros just shrugged. Watching Palmer pocket the \$5,000 winner's check, Mike Souchak shook his head. "Here we go again," he murmured. New year, same story.

King of the Hill

Ski jumping is something like walking on water—the first step is the hardest. The view from the top is discouraging: the ice-slick starting slope flings away at an abrupt 35° for take-off speeds up to 60 m.p.h., and the ambulence at the end of the landing run seems so far away that it might be a Tootsie Toy. Once a jumper starts, there is no turning back; a wobbly take-off, a sudden updraft, a slight miscalculation can mean a bone-shattering spill—and many a star of this perilous sport admits to frequent tussles with panic.

Nose to Tip. Such jitters apparently never afflicted Toralf Engan, 26, a brown-haired, slightly built sporting-goods salesman from Trondheim, Norway. Engan has been skiing since he was three, jumping since he was seven and outjumping almost everyone for nearly a decade. "When I jump," he says, "I feel like a bird. Birds aren't afraid to fly. Why should I be?"

Awaiting his turn in the starting pen Engan spends half an hour putting a glassy wax surface on his skis. Then he is on his way, whistling down the slide, tucking his body into a ball to get more speed. Soaring high above the hill, arms pressed tightly along his sides, body tilted forward until his nose is inches from the tips of his skis, Engan has perfect balance. "Until I touch down," he says, "I could just as well close my eyes."

Through the Fog. Form counts heavily in points; yet Engan wins mainly because of the fantastic distance he can fly. He was sick and unable to compete for the 1960 Olympic team. But last year he won



AIRBORNE

JUMPER

ENGAN

Birds aren't afraid.

one of the 24 major events he entered, including the 65-meter world championship at Zakopane, Poland. Last week competing against 72 jumpers from 14 nations in the German-Austrian Four Hills Championship, Engan demonstrated why he is the odds-on favorite to win an Olympic gold medal in 1964.

At Oberstdorf, he turned in the longest jumps of the day. On his very first jump at Innsbruck's Berg Isel ski jump, site of next year's Olympic jumping, Engan broke the hill record with a 298-ft. jump. Fog and snow made a nightmare of Germany's Garmisch-Partenkirchen a few days later. But Engan still went 292 ft.—16 ft. past the "critical point," or safety limit of the hill. After the first three hills, he had the championship sewed up. "All he needs—said a competitor, "is to toss his shoes over the edge." Yet on the fourth hill at Bischofshofen, he still jumped 320 ft., longest leap of the entire series.

Engan's rivals call him "the world's safest jumper" because he has never been injured in 15 years of competition. Crowds of up to 135,000 turn out to watch him make like a bird. He is a national hero in Norway, where his biography is a bestseller, and in Austria children mimic his style on tiny backyard ski jumps—the one who jumps farthest gets to call himself Toralf Engan all day long.

Loser's Fate

"I want to battle." Cleveland's Paul Brown once said, "I want to beat the hell out of you." And in 33 years, with Brown calling every play from the bench, his football teams beat practically everybody—at Ohio's Massillon high school (20 wins, 8 losses, 2 ties), at Ohio State (18-8-1), at the wartime Great Lakes Naval Station (14-6-2). In 1946 he founded one football's Cleveland Browns. The Browns won four straight championships in the old All-America Conference moved into the National Football League in 1950 and won seven conference titles three N.F.L. championships.

This season Brown's touch left him. Favored to win the eastern title, his Browns won only half of their 14 games. Last week pro football's winningest coach was fired by Cleveland President Arthur Modell. "I knew this happened to other people," said Brown. "But I never thought it could happen to me."



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ART

The Road to Xanadu

[See Cover]

Though the Pavilion was devoted to showing modern science, it looked as if it could have been the setting from a poem by Coleridge. From any angle it cast a spell. It had reflecting pools, stage-set lighting, delicate bridges, six buildings decorated with Gothic tracery. Inside, it subtly lured visitors along, stopped them just where the designer intended that they should pause and look. Probably no building put up in 1962 caused such a world of comment or brought into action so many cameras. Professional critics found dreadful flaws, but to almost everyone else the U.S. Science Pavilion, that pleasure dome of the Space Age at Seattle's Century "21" Exposition, was a modern Xanadu, built for their delight, a declaration of independence from the machine-made monotony of so much of modern architecture.

The creator of this pleasant pavilion is Architect Minoru Yamasaki, a wiry, 132-lb. Nisei who was born 50 years ago in a slum less than two miles from where the Science Pavilion now stands. In manner, he is the most courteous of men, often humble to a fault. But the core of the man is all steel, tempered not only by the anti-Nisei discrimination he has known, but also by his often lonely fight to reintroduce into architecture the embellishments that many modern architects tend to despise.

More Is More. Early in this century, the French architect Auguste Perret declared, "Decoration always hides an error in construction"; later, the great Mies van der Rohe summed up the approach to purity and discipline in the phrase "Less is more." These tenets have to a large degree held sway ever since. But to Yamasaki, this architecture lacks "delight, serenity and surprise," and if he must have decoration to achieve these things, he will have it. Until the Seattle Pavilion opened, the unseemly battle over architectural philosophy that Yamasaki stirred up was kept mostly within the profession, but the public reaction to the building brought it into the open. And now Yamasaki has a commission that will soon make him the country's most hotly disputed architect. He has been picked to plan the Port of New York Authority's giant World Trade Center, to be built on Manhattan's Lower West Side, from where it will be a neighbor of that landmark of an earlier decade, the Woolworth Building (1911-13).

So vast are the space demands of this project that if they could be met by building one fat skyscraper, it might have

to be 300 or more stories high. The \$270 million center will be bigger than the original Rockefeller Center, and because of this vastness alone, the size and shape of the project will keep the profession in suspense for the next two or three years.

"Some Real Dogs." Because of excessive ornamentation in his earlier work, Yamasaki's critics have tended to typecast him as an "exterior decorator," or cosmetician. Yamasaki is aware of the criticism—and agrees that much of it is deserved. "In the past few years," he will

Yamasaki's approach to architecture than his reaction to two architectural wonders during a trip to India in 1954.

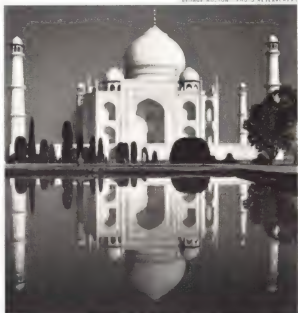
The first wonder was the Taj Mahal, with its inlays of marble and its inexhaustible detail. From a distance it was "a vision," but as Yamasaki approached it, the vision seemed to get richer. Finally, "you go through this narrow deep gate, opening in total shadow. You emerge beyond the wall into the sharp contrast of a peaceful and silent setting, and there is the gleaming Taj Mahal in front of you. Then you walk along the fabled pools, then up a dark stairway, so narrow you have to walk sideways. Finally you emerge again into the sunlight, and the Taj is so blinding you can barely see it. But you notice as you get closer the line details and the wonderful inlays of marble."

Some time later, Yamasaki visited Le Corbusier's High Court at Chandigarh, that completely new town built on the hot plains north of New Delhi to provide an Indian capital for the divided state of Punjab (which had lost Lahore to Pakistan). The High Court stands behind a reflection pool, is topped by a massive overhang supported by soaring concrete columns. From a distance, the building seemed "absolutely magnificent," Yamasaki reported. "But as you come closer, it becomes overpowering. Its concrete surfaces are brutally crude." To Yamasaki, such a building was out of place in a democracy, where architecture should serve man, not dominate him. "I had the

feeling of a great pagan temple, where man must enter on his knees. A building should not awe but embrace man. Instead of overwhelming grandeur in architecture, we should have gentility. And we should have the wish mentally and physically to touch our buildings."

Shikotoganai. Minoru ("bearing fruit") Yamasaki (roughly, "mountain ledge with great view") does not look like a man who would brew up a storm, but he obviously learned to be tough early. His father, the fourth son of a Japanese farmer, came to Seattle in 1905 after the farm was inherited by an older brother, in accordance with traditional Japanese primogeniture. Yamasaki spent the first years of his life in a shabby wooden tenement whose foundation was so eroded that the house had a tilt.

The Japanese-American community stayed within itself in those days, and young Yamasaki got only occasional hints of the degree of discrimination that lay beyond. Once, he remembers, his mother came home in tears after a cruel experience on a bus: she had taken a seat next



THE TAJ MAHAL
Great architecture asks to be touched.

blantly declare, in one of his frequent moments of self-denigration, "my colleagues and I have built some rather shallow things." To a reporter, he once blurted: "We have built some real dogs." Yet he confidently sticks to his philosophy; and his buildings have given the public—not to mention a growing band of blissfully contented clients—something it has been hungering for. More important, he seems to have crossed a threshold, or, as he characteristically puts it, "I hope I'm coming to my senses."

In his new work, the excesses of decoration are gone; there is a classic discipline about his models, and his emphasis is on structure. But he will continue to occupy his unique place in the public's affection, because his structures still aim to please the eye. He has declared war not only on the glass box that dominates so much new building, but also on the handcraft brutalism of some of the builders of France's Le Corbusier (TIME cover, May 5, 1961), which have all the force in the world but can also lack compassion. Indeed, nothing tells more about



EYE-CATCHING WORLD of Architect Minoru Yamasaki is summarized by McGregor Memorial Community Conference Building (*right*) and College of Education (*center*) at Wayne

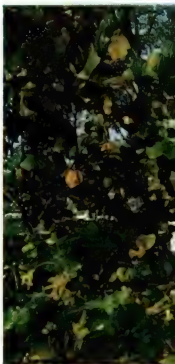
University, breaking with style of stark glass grid. Yamasaki has tried to bring back elements of surprise, texture, contrast and novel silhouettes, wangled extra \$650,000 for pool.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES H. HARRIS FOR ENR



PLAYFUL CANOPIES for the Northwest Y.W.C.A. outside of Detroit add note of feminine elegance that Yamasaki thought

appropriate: "We did a very simple building and placed plastic sunshades over the windows formed to keep a sense of lightness."



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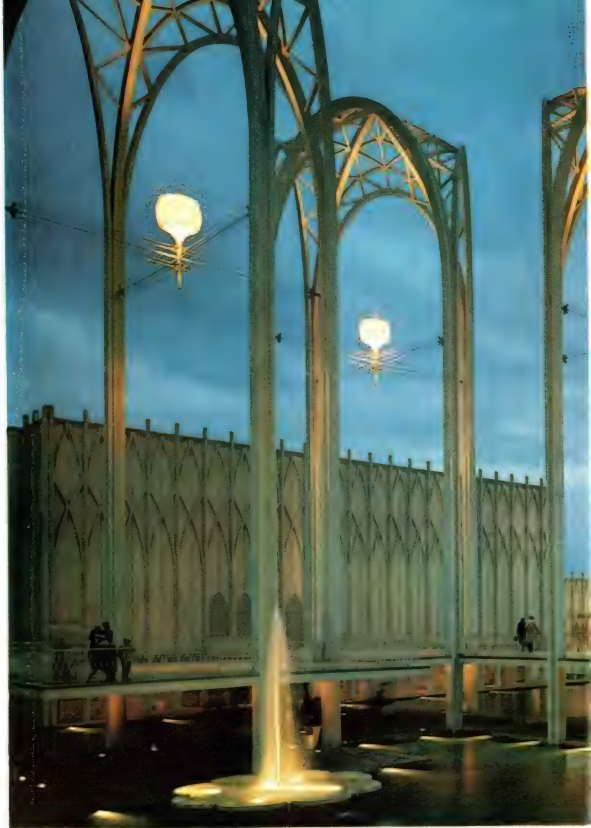


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uses concrete from roof to grille.
Precast roof was lifted in place.



SAUDI ARABIA'S Civil Air Terminal at Dhahran was made
"important and monumental," as befitting main gateway to

Arabia. Since nomadic land has little indigenous architecture,
Yamasaki had to invent it, making full use of precast concrete.



FEDERAL SCIENCE PAVILION at Seattle's Century "21" Exhibition, probably most talked-about architecture of 1962: demonstrated Yamasaki's climactic use of water and dramatic decor.



tion. Instead of a single building, he designed six, all of different sizes, focused on open court. Tall arches signal presence of monumental structure that will remain as permanent Seattle building.



DETROIT'S NEWEST office building is 28-story Michigan Gas Co., looming up from Detroit's Civic Center. Yamasaki emphasized vertical lines "to give a sense of reaching for the

sky." Window sills are close to floors, but for benefit of occupants with fear of heights, windows between mullions made of delicate precast concrete components are only 1 ft. 10 in. wide.

to a Caucasian woman who rose in indignation and plunked herself down next to an unwashed, unshaven, but indubitably Occidental bum. Yet there was little bitterness among the Japanese-Americans. "A word that I heard over and over again whenever there would be an incident or a slight was *shikatanai*, which means 'it can't be helped.'"

The Silent Fan. In 1926, when Yamasaki was a sophomore at Garfield High, his mother's brother, Koken Ito, came to stay at the Yamasaki home. Ito had earned an architectural degree at the University of California at Berkeley, and when he began working on some drawings in his room, he found himself with an avid fan. Ito, who now lives and practices his profession in Tokyo, still remembers the silent boy solemnly watching as the drawing progressed. Yamasaki remembers too. "The more my uncle talked about architecture, the more I wanted to become an architect."

To save up money for schooling, Yamasaki spent five wretched summers working in Alaskan fish canneries. The pay was \$50 a month; the work week was 66 hours; the pay for an hour's overtime was 25¢. "And there was plenty of overtime," Yamasaki recalls. "During busy periods, we would work from 4 in the morning until midnight." Meals consisted of salmon and rice for lunch and rice and salmon for dinner; but the \$200 earned each summer helped get Yamasaki through five years of studying architecture at the University of Washington. Because of anti-Japanese discrimination (he had seen a local utility company bypass the top man in an engineering class because he was Japanese, pick three lower-ranking men who were all Caucasian), Yamasaki decided to leave Seattle. In September of 1934, he arrived in Manhattan with \$40 to his name.

Remembering Pearl Harbor. A depression, he quickly learned, is no time to be an architect. In office after office, he found that the boss was just "sitting around reading the newspapers." So Yamasaki spent that first year in Manhattan wrapping china for an import firm. It was not until 1937 that he got into serious architecture, first with the firm of Githens & Keally, which was planning the main building of the Brooklyn Public Library, and next with Shreve, Lamb & Harmon, who had designed the Empire State Building. In 1941, he fell in love with a pretty Nisei girl, Teruko Hirasaki, who had come from Los Angeles to study piano at the Juilliard School of Music; two months later, they were married. The date was Dec. 5, two days before Pearl Harbor.

Yamasaki himself was not fired from his job during the resulting anti-Japanese outburst, even though Shreve, Lamb & Harmon were working on a number of military bases. "You are one of our best men," said Richmond Shreve, "and I'm going to back you all the way." But in Seattle that Dec. 8, Yamasaki's father got the sack from the firm that had employed him for more than 30 years. Then



ST. LOUIS AIRPORT
An entrance worthy of a city.

came the chilling news that all Japanese-Americans on the West Coast were to be resettled. Yamasaki sent for his parents, and they moved into his three-room Yorkville apartment. He did not mind the overcrowding, but he has not forgotten the resettling. "Our people had to sell everything for 10¢ to 15¢ on the dollar. The people who bought their businesses and houses knew they had them over a barrel."

Up From Eyeshades. As the years passed, Yamasaki worked for Architect Wallace Harrison and later for Designer Raymond Loewy. In 1945, the large (600 employees) Detroit firm of Smith, Hinchman & Grylls hired him to be its chief designer. He was at first appalled by the fusty look of the dark-walled offices: "The men wore eyeshades, and there were spittoons on the floor." But he was delighted with the freedom he was given. Now Detroit got its first touch of Yamasaki's art. For the neoclassic Federal Reserve Bank, he built a modern addition, a Le Corbusier-style building set back 30 ft., forming a small plaza planted with trees.

The springboard job of Yamasaki's career came to him in 1951. He and two S. H. & G. colleagues had formed a firm of their own, and they got a commission to do the Lambert-St. Louis Municipal Air Terminal—a work that was to set the standard for a wave of airport buildings by top architects all over the U.S. Yamasaki decided that the terminal should be a great entrance, a reception center for

the city that had sent Lindbergh across the Atlantic. An inspection tour of other airports left him unimpressed. Then he took a new long look at Manhattan's vaulted Grand Central Terminal. "Here," he decided, "is an entrance worthy of a city."

First Honor. Yamasaki's plan called for three pairs of intersecting barrel vaults (to which others can be added). The concrete forms were sheathed in copper, which made the building striking not only from the ground but also from the air. It won Yamasaki the American Institute of Architects' First Honor Award, and not even his severest critics can find much fault in that building.

But during construction, the frustrations—the arguments and compromises with engineers and client, the insufferable commuting between St. Louis and Detroit—proved overwhelming. In December of 1953, Yamasaki suddenly began bleeding internally; surgeons had to remove two-thirds of his ulcerated stomach. Death hovered so near that Yamasaki remembers overhearing his mother tell his three children that he would not pull through. Two months after the operation, Yamasaki got out of the hospital determined to put his life in better order. He closed the firm's St. Louis office and, with Partner Joseph Leinweber, established himself permanently near Detroit.

The Look of Serenity. He was no sooner back at work than he got an assignment that was to crystallize his philosophy of architecture. The assignment came from the State Department, which

wanted to build a new consulate general in Kobe, Japan. Yamasaki went to Japan, was enchanted by the traditional architecture he saw. He visited the Katsura Palace and the Goshō (Old Imperial Palace) in Kyoto, spent hours studying the ancient temples in their garden settings. "I was overwhelmed by the serenity that can be achieved by enhancing nature," says he of those gardens. "It was here that I decided that serenity could be an important contribution to our environment, because our cities are so chaotic and full of turmoil."

Work on the consulate general—a white structure raised slightly off the ground like a Japanese temple and surrounded by bronze and plastic sun screens—drew him to Japan again, and Yamasaki decided to go the long way and take a look at some of the rest of the world. The great formative experience was comparing the Taj Mahal and Chandigarh, but he also learned a significant lesson from Europe's great Gothic cathedrals, in which the uninterrupted flow of structure did not preclude the use of elaborate detail: "The need for ornamentation and texture in

our times was deeply impressed on me." He was equally impressed by the quiet, reflective architecture of Venice and Pisa, the two cities, he says, that were most exposed to the influence of the contemplative East.

Decline of the Glass Box. Back in the U.S., Yamasaki proceeded to tell his profession what he had learned. He paid handsome tribute to the glass box of the great Mies van der Rohe, but the glass box, except in the hands of a few highly talented men, had deteriorated into a cliché. He denounced "the dogma of rectangles" and the module system of building—"as monotonous as the Arabian desert." He deplored the "plastering of whole blocks of midtown New York with regimented patterns of glass and porcelain-enamel rectangles."

Function, economy and order, said Yamasaki, were no longer enough. "My premise is that delight and reflection are ingredients which must be added. Unquestionably there is delight in our best new buildings, but this delight is in structural clarity, in proportion, and in elegant details and materials, and these characteristics offer but a portion of the delight which we have experienced in the buildings of the past. Sunlight and shadow, form, ornament, the element of surprise are little-explored fields, barely understood by today's architects."

Since then, Yamasaki has done his best to achieve "the joy of surprise—the experience of moving from a barren street through a narrow opening in a high wall to find a quiet court with a lovely garden and still water; or to tiptoe through the mystery and dimness of a Buddhist temple and come upon a court of raked white gravel dazzling in the sunlight; or to walk a narrow street in Rome and suddenly face an open square with graceful splashing fountains."

To these abstract ingredients, Yamasaki has lately added another one that is quite

concrete—namely, concrete. Unimaginative, cost-cutting architects often feel forced to use confining, standardized materials, the metal and glass that show in so many undistinguished buildings. Yamasaki has escaped this tyranny (and yet preserved his reputation for economical construction) by adopting or devising with his favorite engineer, John Skilling of Seattle, up-to-date ways of using concrete, a basically cheap material. Prestressing and precasting strong columns, girders and large wall sections (see diagram) has freed many of his buildings from the limitations of structural steel or poured-on-the-job concrete. The chance to get sun-and-shadow patterns by repeatedly casting structural parts in the same sculptured mold gives Yamasaki's architecture much of its embellishment. And he uses various devices, typically quartz surfacing, to avoid a raw-concrete look.

Silhouette & Surprise. The first opportunity to put the ideas from his trip into practice came in August of 1955, when Detroit's dear Wayne State University commissioned Yamasaki to design the McGregor Memorial Community Conference Center. His concept was that the building should be a gateway between the city and the campus, a sort of open glass gallery lined with conference rooms on each side. He chose concrete folded slabs with triangular ends to provide a dramatic "silhouette against the sky." He set glass walls behind slender, marble-clad steel columns with ornamental sunshades and grilles to provide "texture." For "surprise," he provided a triangular-patterned skylight over the two-story-high central gallery, and for "delight" an el-shaped pool outside with islands of white gravel.

When the building opened in 1958, there was a ceremony at which Yamasaki, who is no orator, made a brief speech, thanking the university for the opportunity it had given him. When he finished, he was stunned to find that every person in the

BELTZMAN, ROBBIN



3 When spandrel girder is put up, the prestressing enables it to support the floor (girder) and serve as exterior wall between columns (spandrel).

PRESTRESSING

When casting has hardened (24 hours), jacks are released, wire ends burned off. Tension of wires is transferred to concrete, compressing and strengthening it.

PRECASTING

Concrete is poured into form and is compacted by vibration.

PRETENSIONING

Jacks stretch pattern of steel wires in form.

PRESTRESSING: A Tool For Architectural Flexibility

(Schematic of precast prestressed spandrel girder)

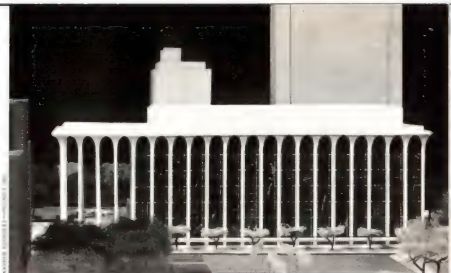
audience was on his feet, clapping and cheering, not for the speech but out of sheer gratitude for the building. Architectural magazines hailed McGregor Center as "delightful" and "refreshing," and the A.I.A. gave Yamasaki another of its First Honor awards.

A Bit Slaphappy. As Yamasaki's body of work grew bigger, the autocritical facility of the architectural profession grew harsher—often with Yamasaki leading the pack. Critics declared the soaring interior of the Reynolds Metals Co. Building, which won a third A.I.A. First Honor Award, an impressive success; but they denounced the exterior grille, made of thousands of interlocking aluminum circles, as "costume jewelry." For Detroit's Northwest Y.W.C.A., Yamasaki designed a simple and highly practical building around a charming inner court, but then he slapped on looping butterfly canopies that he now says he "would never do again. When Yamasaki discovered the enormous versatility and flexibility of concrete, he went, as he says, "a bit slaphappy."

His building for the American Concrete Institute is basically a single passageway whose concrete walls support a roof cantilevered out over the offices on either side. This is ingenious, but Yamasaki turned the roof into a parade of jitterbugging triangles that induce not serenity but instant fatigue. As for the Wayne State University College of Education Building, with its nonstructural façade of 120 faintly Arabian slabs of precast concrete, Yamasaki (who gets carried away by his own jokes) rendered the cruelest verdict. When he presented the model to the Wayne board of governors, he pulled out from his pocket a little wedding-cake bride and groom and placed the pair on top.

"Twittering Aviary." Because of this obsession with façade effects, Yamasaki has been denounced and defended with increasing vigor. If placed all together, say his critics, his buildings would make a kind of Potemkin village where heaven knows what might be going on behind the lovely surface. What the buildings mainly lack for these men is a sense of force. By splitting the McGregor building down the middle with the glass gallery, says Yale's Art History Professor Vincent Scully Jr., Yamasaki has produced "a twittering aviary." "Just where you want strength," says Philip Johnson, "it isn't there." Snorts Gordon Bunshaft of Skidmore, Owings & Merrill: "Yamasaki's as much an architect as I am Napoleon. He was an architect, but now he's nothing but a decorator. Sure, people are getting bored with the glass box—I am too. But now there's this clique that says, 'Let's build a beautiful building,' and there is not even a thought to the architecture."

Of the famous Seattle Pavilion, one top Manhattan architect says: "The Pavilion's structure looks as if you could buy it by the section and glue it together." Adds another Manhattanite, Architect I. M. Pei: "The water in the courtyard is fine, very successful, but the building is not. Yama mass-produced a façade in the Gothic id-



NORTHWESTERN NATIONAL LIFE INSURANCE BUILDING IN MINNEAPOLIS
Away from the dogma of rotaries.

iom but without the Gothic logic. At best, this building is mere artistic caprice."

"What Human Beings Need." But Yamasaki has important support as well as important critics. To Walter Gropius, founder of the Bauhaus and professor emeritus at Harvard's Graduate School of Design, Yamasaki's work may be a bit too playful, "but he is a highly talented man, full of ideas, very able." Pietro Belluschi, dean of M.I.T.'s School of Architecture and Planning, says: "I do not necessarily adhere to all that Yama preaches, but he is not to be devalued at all. We cannot dismiss even his Seattle Fair. It has gaiety and a soaring that appeals to the public."

Wallace Harrison praises Yamasaki's "fine sense of plan, of scale and what human beings need in a building," and Los Angeles' William Pereira agrees: "Yama-

asaki is concerned with the spirit of the place when he's building it. He struggles to do things to people." Japan's Kenzo Tange even disputes the charge that Yamasaki sacrifices structure for façade, arguing that his "strongest characteristic is his persistent habit of treating his structures themselves as design motifs."

It is Yamasaki, naturally, who quibbles with that. Without conceding that serenity and delight could possibly be bad, he feels that in the past he "wasn't discriminating enough about structure. The bones, the basic structure of a building, must be evident, and they must be beautiful. You shouldn't put veils over buildings or barrels around them." At co. Yamasaki feels that his best work is ahead of him, and most likely it is, for he is a man who criticizes himself constantly and never ceases to learn.

Soaring Intimacy. The nearly completed Michigan Consolidated Gas Co. Building's steel structure may wear a coat of marble, but this is only "to be polite" to the marble buildings already existing in Detroit's Civic Center. The elongated hexagons that make up the 4,800 floor-to-ceiling windows are no mere gimmick: they provide a sense of soaring on the outside and a comfortable feeling of intimacy on the inside. From anywhere on a floor, a person can get a clear view, and he can stand right next to a window without that sickening feeling that he will fall out.

With Engineer Skilling as his constant consultant, Yamasaki is putting up a gracefully vaulted synagogue in Glenwood III. He has done a master plan for a whole university for Iran, designed an elaborate Japanese Cultural and Trade Center in San Francisco, a dramatic, six-story Northwestern National Life Insurance building for Minneapolis, with 63 quartz-faced columns, each 80 ft. high. Three other projects in the works.

► The Behavioral Sciences Building (William James Hall), which will be one of Harvard's first high buildings. To provide maximum interior flexibility for each de-



IBM BUILDING IN SEATTLE
Even the bones must be beautiful.



YAMASAKI & FAMILY IN 1958 (FIRST WIFE TERUKO SECOND FROM RIGHT)

Arguments and compromises can overwhelm.

partment's changing needs. Yamasaki decided on a clear-span plan, with no interior columns. The structure has tall, tapered concrete columns with exposed brackets that hold precast, prestressed concrete girders. The girders, 7 ft. high by 44 ft. long, will have designs on them to give them scale and to express their purpose as structural members.

► The Woodrow Wilson School of Public and International Affairs, at Princeton, which Yamasaki designed to express "the nobility of public service." The scheme consists of 60 white precast columns, 28 ft. high, which will provide support for the upper floor. This will enable the lower floor to have non-bearing walls with majestic spaces for a dining room, library, auditorium and skylighted reception lounge.

► A 20-story office building for IBM in Seattle, faced with slender, concrete-clad steel ribs that support the structure and give the building a delicate, almost attenuated upward sweep. The arched colonnade at the bottom daringly omits corner columns.

The Outsider. A few years ago, when his income had begun to swell, Yamasaki started looking for a larger house for his family in either Birmingham or Grosse Pointe. But he soon found that even though he is one of Detroit's most famous citizens, he is also a Nisei and therefore still partly an outsider. His real estate broker told him, "I can't get you a house in either suburb, Yama. But I know of a fine old farmhouse in Troy which you can have." Yamasaki liked the 16-year-old farmhouse, and he lives there to this day with his mother and his blonde second wife Peggy (the and Teruko were divorced two years ago). He has landscaped his 14 acres, surrounded his house with Japanese-style gardens and patios, and supplied it with a deep Japanese-style bathtub. For him, the farmhouse means serenity.

The office of Minoru Yamasaki & Associates, which now grosses \$1,000,000 a year, is something else again. Since the Port Authority commission, his staff has grown to 70 associates, engineers, designers, modelmakers and secretaries, who include a Burmese, a Thai, a Filipino, a Chinese, two Japanese, two Latvians and a Briton. Yamasaki knows everyone by his first name, no matter how green or young the employee may be; and he insists on being called Yama in return. The office may be a madhouse, but no detail is ever too minor for Yamasaki's careful attention, whether it be the type of door handle in a hotel or a new office building or the precise style of lettering that should go on the doors that say MEN and WOMEN.

The Generous Spirit. In one room of his office is a model of the Lower West Side of Manhattan with a space representing 15 acres laid bare. In that space will go Yamasaki's new Trade Center. A project worked out by the Governors

of New York and New Jersey, the center will house anyone and anything connected with world trade: U.S. Bureau of Customs, customs brokers, freight forwarders, foreign consulates, exporters and importers, trade associations, chambers of commerce, banks, insurance firms and finance agencies, now scattered blindly about the city. There will be trade fairs, steamship air truck and rail carriers, foreign trade publications, commodity exchanges, a hotel, shops, restaurant, a world trade institute and library, and a bewildering assortment of information agencies. Yamasaki will do the design, while the Manhattan firm of Emery Roth & Sons—an office noted more for its concern for costs than for producing beauty—will turn out the working drawings.

If Yamasaki can keep a firm control of the job, it will be one of the greatest opportunities ever presented to an architect, "an opportunity," says Yamasaki,

for new methods, new systems, new building ideas." What form the project may be taking in Yamasaki's inventive mind is his secret, but simple arithmetic shows that the vast space needs and limited site could force him to record heights or bulk.

One thing the center will not be is harsh or cold. In taking the road to Nanuet, Yamasaki has turned office buildings, schools, churches and banks into gentle pleasure palaces that are marvelously generous in spirit. He shuns monuments. He is suspicious even of masterpieces, which he feels often better serve the ego of their creators than the well-being of those who use them. He may have committed some architectural heresies, but if he has, it is largely because he is a humanist with enormously exalting aspirations. He wants his buildings to be more than imposing settings for assorted clusters of humanity; they should also recall to man the "gentility of men," should inspire "man to live a humanitarian, inquisitive, progressive life, beautifully and happily." However the Trade Center turns out, it will have that ideal—and it will be built with the ultimate degree of loving care.



SECOND WIFE PEGGY TESTING WATER IN YAMASAKI-DESIGNED TUB
A man ought to live life beautifully and happily.

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you never need to fix

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It has no electronic tubes to burn out; transistors replace the old tubes.

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This projector won't embarrass you or harass you.

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Move one lever forward. Push one button. And you have a sound movie. Brilliant picture. Beautiful, clear, noise-free sound.

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the speaker doesn't hiss, or crackle, or pop, either.

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FOCAL POINT

A LONG-RANGE COMMITMENT TO THE USE OF RADIO & TELEVISION TO SPUR PUBLIC ACTION ON VITAL ISSUES

Focal Point is a year-long project that attempts to harness the power of broadcasting to the forces at work on community and statewide issues and problems. The function of Focal Point is to overcome citizen apathy and to encourage action.

Focal Point in Baltimore

In Baltimore, on WJZ-TV, Focal Point is tackling the varied and complex problems of metropolitan expansion as they apply to education, transportation, urban renewal, police administration, roads and highways, and other areas. The project was started with a leadership conference, which included among its participants Senator Harrison A. Williams, Jr., Federal Housing Administrator, Dr. Robert Weaver, FCC Commissioner, Frederick W.

Ford and former Mayor J. Harold Grady of Baltimore.

Focal Point in Boston

Most recently, in Boston, Focal Point is taking a penetrating look at the state, its government and its problems. The project began with three 90-minute forums given prime time on three successive week nights over WBZ-TV and Radio. Participants included Attorney General Robert Kennedy, Governor LeRoy Collins, Archibald MacLeish, Moderator Erwin D. Canham and Paul C. Reardon, Associate Justice Supreme Judicial Court.

Discussion areas—as related to government—were “Morality” (can it be legislated?), “Modernization” (can statutory and constitutional law be changed to keep pace with the

WBZ • WBZ-TV • BOSTON WINS • NEW YORK WJZ-TV • BALTIMORE KYW • KYW-TV • CLEVELAND
KDKA • KDKA-TV • PITTSBURGH WIND • CHICAGO WOWO • FORT WAYNE KPIX • SAN FRANCISCO

times?), and "Manpower" (how can political parties be revitalized?).

Two audiences were involved: those present in New England Life Hall, where the programs took place; listeners and viewers at home (estimated at 500,000), including members of audience action groups.

"New and Better Directions"

These programs represent the kick-off to a year-long project, but already their effect is being felt. Focal Point has fired the imaginations of critics, columnists, and viewers. "The phrase 'focal point' is likely to be one that Massachusetts citizens will remember for a long while... it may mark the turning of a corner that leads to new and better directions," said the Pilot, official organ of the Archdiocese

of Boston. The Boston Herald called it "...the most interesting, but more important, informative, program of a local nature...this season."

Its success ultimately will be measured by the public's involvement. In Baltimore and Boston, additional programs on specific issues of state and local significance are being contemplated. Other WBC stations are already applying the Focal Point concept in their particular areas.

The Power of Broadcasting

The Westinghouse Broadcasting Company has long believed that the power of broadcasting can successfully be brought to bear in the practical area of community improvement as a constructive force in the solution of social and political problems.

WESTINGHOUSE BROADCASTING COMPANY, INC. 

THE PRESS

Succession in Kansas City

For 35 years, Roy Roberts' throne has stood at the far end of the newsroom of the Kansas City Star, as immovable a fixture as Roberts' 200 lbs. But last week, with a regal grace, the Star's president and executive editor eased both his bulk and his throne 10 ft. to the right. Into his old place moved Roberts' anointed successor: Editor Richard B. Fowler, a quiet, unassuming man of 60 who has spent 32 years in Roy Roberts' considerable shade.

Like most royal successions, the Star's was likely to change little more than the names on the palace stationery. "Hell, I



ROY ROBERTS
His chair proved overlarge.

was hand-raised by Roy," said Fowler, a Sedalia, Mo., farm boy who sold poultry before coming to the Star as a reporter in 1930. "I don't think I could separate my own ideas from his."

Such sentiments do not qualify Fowler as a yes man but as a pragmatist, who understands that he may fill Roberts' office but never his role as Mr. Kansas City. In fact, Dick Fowler's first editorial command, after trying out a chair designed for Roy Roberts' ample posterior, was to call for a smaller size. "It pushes forward too much," he said. "I'd rather not fight it." Fowler later explained what this really meant: "Nobody's going to replace Roy Roberts. He's not the type that fades away."

Fowler was expressing an eminently practical view. Having escalated himself to the title of board chairman, Roy Roberts served immediate notice that he has no intention of playing figurehead. "I'm going to get out from underfoot a while," he said as he prepared to leave for a ten-week cruise of the Pacific. "I don't want to be breathing down the necks of the new team as they take over. But I'll be back, don't worry about that. I'll just ooze in the back door to keep an eye on things. When you reach 75, you stay on till they carry you out."

Records in the Ledger

The last entries were made in the ledger, and the Magazine Publishers Association closed its books on 1962. The arithmetic was impressive. Despite all the gloom criers, reported the M.P.A. last week, the nation's magazines logged their best year yet. Total ad revenue was up 5.4% over 1961, to nearly \$876 million.

Along with the overall gain, the statistics contained some interesting sidelights. Biggest individual ad-volume gainer was Condé Nast's *House & Garden*, which climbed 37%, to \$8,165,666. As usual, *LIFE* led the field in total revenue, with \$140,565,348, comfortably ahead of *Look's* \$76 million and the *Saturday Evening Post's* \$66.5 million. The *Reader's Digest*, which began accepting ads in its domestic edition eight years ago, maintained its steady ad-revenue growth by registering a 25% increase, to \$50,675,834.

The record was made despite the decline of Curtis, one of the country's oldest magazine publishing houses. Although two of the four Curtis magazines that sell ad space showed modest increases—*Holiday* (3%) and *American Home* (7%)—overall ad revenue fell a precipitous 17%, from \$132 million to \$109 million, in the most disastrous year in Curtis' history.

Fixing the Blame

It was an old record, the needle stuck in a groove, stuttering the same strident chords, assailing ears that had grown weary of the tune. Going into its second month, New York's newspaper strike had turned into something of a bore. Manhattan readers grazed on a new crop of strike-born dailies, none of which served as a satisfactory substitute for the missing newspapers. In their separate camps, the publishers and the striking printers hibernated like bears waiting for spring.

Severe Handicap. But if the strike was a bore, it was also a painfully expensive one. The American Newspaper Guild ran out of money and had to borrow \$300,000 from the A.F.L.-C.I.O. New York Local 6 of the International Typographical Union slapped a \$1 weekly assessment on all 6,000 of its working members—those employed by commercial print shops and therefore unaffected by the strike. New York Newspaper Printing Pressmen Local 2, hopefully brought suit against the New York Post, the Herald Tribune and the Mirror, asking \$72,000 in lost pay and other benefits. Since these papers had not been struck but had closed down when the I.T.U. struck the other four dailies, the union claimed that the pressmen had been unlawfully deprived of their jobs. For the 400 New York Timesmen still at work in the U.S. and abroad, Publisher Orel Dryfoos ordered pay cuts ranging from 20% (for salaries under \$15,000) to 50% (over \$15,000).

Such measures promised only to extend a shutdown that had already lasted scandalously long. The most impressive agency

actively seeking a solution to the strike was an *ad hoc* board with no power whatsoever. This was the Board of Public Accountability, a panel of three judges—Harold R. Medina, Joseph O'Grady, David W. Peck—appointed by U.S. Labor Secretary W. Willard Wirtz last week to hear witnesses from both sides. I.T.U. Local President Bertram A. Powers, whose men instigated the strike, stubbornly boycotted the board, but just about everybody else showed up to speak his piece.

For a few hopeful moments, it seemed that the judges might have catalyzed a break in the strike. "Let me suggest a way out," said John Harold, attorney for the Pressmen's Unit; he confided to the panel that his union's membership was "close to a settlement." The judges



JUDGE MEDINA
The bears were waiting for spring.

promptly recessed to let the pressmen and the publishers come together in negotiations that went on all night. But this produced only an objection by Bert Powers. "A severe handicap," said he. "It puts us in a disadvantageous position to have a second union negotiating while we're negotiating."

After three days of testimony, the judges reached their conclusion. Although Federal Judge Harold Medina,* 74, fiery chairman of the panel, might have preferred stronger language, the panel left no doubt about whom it held accountable. That man was Bert Powers. The strike, said the judges' report, was "a deliberate design" to "postpone any negotiation until a time when the publishers would be forced to surrender under the economic pressure of threatened extinction."

Printing a Dream

Economy-minded newspaper publishers have long nourished a dollar-saving daydream. In their profit-filled reverie, automatic machines turn reporters' edited copy directly into metal type; no high-salaried typesetters intervene. Like most

* Famed as presiding judge in the 1949 trial of eleven U.S. Communists, which lasted almost nine months.



IMPERIAL SEDAN FOUR-DOOR

A provocative challenge to directors of America's major corporations

In the next few days, you and the executive officers of your firm will be invited to accept new Imperials for personal comparison with your present cars.

Since you probably own one or more luxury cars, you'll quickly note differences about an Imperial. Its quiet approach to elegance. The unusual spaciousness and comfort inside. These are unique: for only Imperial's body is both full-sized and unshared with lesser cars.

You'll recognize subtle differences, too. The reasons for our reputation as a superlative road car. The advantages of the world's largest automatic-adjusting brakes. The thoughtful little luxuries—such as an inside control for the outside mirror, power windows, and carpeting in the trunk as standard equipment.

There's no end, really, to the discoveries you *might* make. (Open the glove compartment, and you'll find a brochure with all the facts about the first 5-year 50,000-mile warranty* ever offered on a luxury car.) All we ask is that you test our Imperial thoroughly for the qualities you want in a fine car.

So, if you read our offer as a direct challenge, we'll be delighted. Our dealer has an Imperial ready for you; just call him to reserve a time. Then, judge for yourself.

*Your authorized Imperial Dealer's Warranty against defects in material and workmanship on Imperials can also now be expanded to include parts replacement or repair—without charge—the replacement part—no matter how long as 10,000 miles, which is 100,000 miles, the engine block, head and internal parts, transmission and manual parts, 12-volt electrical system, built-in electrical controls, including door openings, rear view and defogging, and rear wheel bearings, provided the vehicle has been serviced at reasonable intervals according to the Imperial Owner's Manual.

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PRONTO, A DIVISION OF LITTON INDUSTRIES

daydreams, this one has always seemed too good to be true. But at least two newspapers, the Los Angeles Times and the Palm Beach Post-Times, are already deep in promising experiments that use computers for typesetterless typesetting.

The greatest obstacle to full automation in the composing room is "justification"—ending lines evenly at the right-hand margin. When the operator of a typesetting machine nears the end of a line, he estimates whether the next word will fit the remaining space. If it is a little too short, he fattens the line by adding spacers between preceding words or letters. When the next word is too long, he cuts it in two and adds a hyphen.

It is not difficult to design an automatic typesetting machine that counts letters and spaces, but hyphenating words correctly is much harder to automate because it calls for knowledge of the illogical English language. Until recently newspapers had no choice except to retain their human typesetters, mostly for their nonmechanical skill in hyphenating words.

Merged Tapes. At the Los Angeles Times, reporters now write their stories on electric typewriters that simultaneously produce ordinary typescript and paper tapes that carry the same words in a code of perforations. When the edited copy is ready to be set in metal type, a typist reads it and makes a second perforated tape that tells in code how each line has been changed. The two tapes are run through a "merging" machine that produces a corrected tape. Under a slightly different system, a clean typescript and a correctly perforated tape are made in one operation—after the story is edited.

The tape is fed to a computer, which sucks it up at inhuman speed, measuring the width of letters and counting the spaces in a swift stream of words. When it gets near the end of a line, it does what a human typesetter would do, adding spaces if necessary to fill out the line. When it comes to a word that has to be hyphenated, which happens about every five lines, it hesitates momentarily while it consults a quick-access memory. If the word has a recognizable prefix or a familiar ending, such as *-ing* or *-tion*, the memory tells the computer in millionths of a second how to hyphenate correctly.

No Hands. If the word resists such straightforward treatment, the computer consults a dictionary of up to 300,000 words recorded on magnetic disks or tape. If the troublesome word is in the recorded dictionary, the computer is told how to hyphenate it in about eighty-one thousandths sec. If not, the computer gives up, chops it arbitrarily in two and leaves any errors to be corrected by a proofreader. Generally the machine hums along for long periods without being stumped, justifying a lines per sec. At this rate, it handles an 8-column newspaper page of solid print in 2½ min. The computer's product is a justified tape that can be fed to typesetting machines. Without further human intervention, it turns the reporter's story into lines of type.

Some computers have larger memories



TYPESETTING MACHINE & ATTENDANT
It even hyphenates.

than others and do not admit as readily that they cannot hyphenate a word. Some rely on elaborate sets of word-dividing rules. This saves part of the cost of the word dictionary, but it can also trick the computer into making errors. All such systems using full-fledged computers are expensive. The RCA 101, with associated equipment, costs the Los Angeles Times a monthly rent of \$5,170, but when it is not busy at its primary job, it does extra duty making out the payroll and billing advertisers. Much simpler is the Linasec machine made by Compugraphic Corp. of Brookline, Mass., which is not too proud to ask help from that cheap, old-fashioned computer, the human brain.

Linasec works on unjustified tape made by a typist from the reporters' edited copy, and it justifies lines quickly until it comes to a word that must be hyphenated. Having no memory or logical rules to solve this problem, it stops and calls for help by flashing a light. A human operator comes to its rescue, takes a look at the word and presses a key that hyphenates it properly. Then Linasec races ahead until it meets another problem beyond the capacity of its simple brain. A single human operator can take care of several Linasecs, each of which, with one intervention for each five lines, justifies 23 newspaper columns per hr. Cost of each Linasec: \$27,000.

Fission at Newsweek

On the masthead of *Newsweek* magazine went a new name last week. Llewellyn Link ("Pete") Callaway Jr., 55, advertising director (since 1950) of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, took over as *Newsweek* publisher. Callaway's new post represents a fusion of existing executive authority. He will shoulder some of the duties of *Newsweek's* Gibson McCabe, who, until Callaway arrived, served in a double capacity as both president and publisher.



He didn't insure his car through an independent agent

He'd done everything he could to get paid for the damage to his car. He'd phoned. He'd argued. He'd pleaded. He'd done everything but stand on his head. Now he has done that.

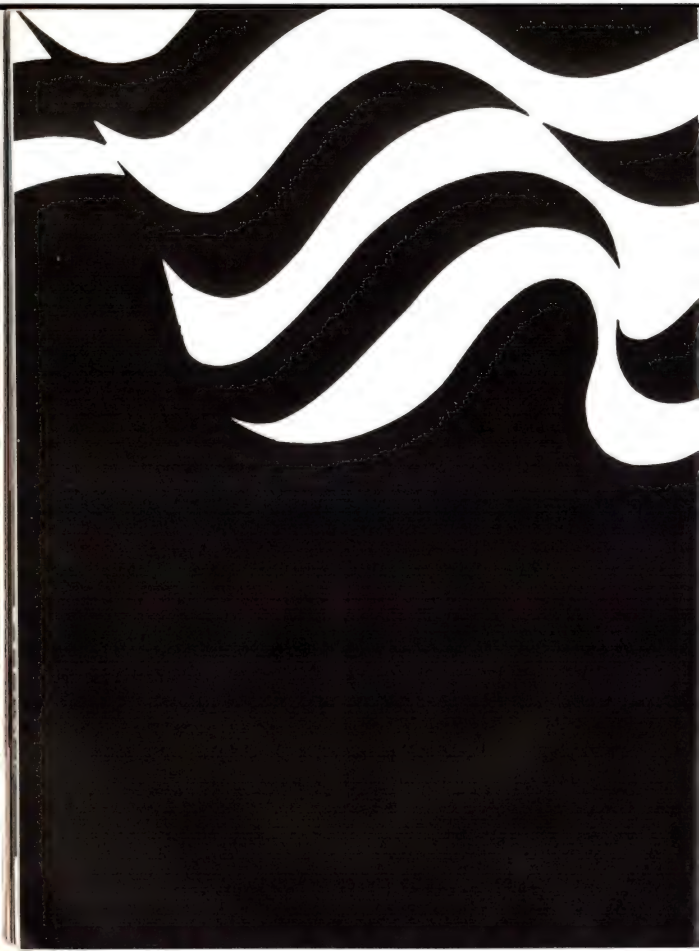
None of this would have been necessary if he had insured his car through an independent insurance agent.

An independent agent represents not one, but several companies. He is free to recommend only those companies that pay claims promptly and fairly.

So keep the blood away from your head. Insure your car, your home (and if you manage a business, your business) through an independent insurance agent.

The Big Difference in insurance is the continuing, personal attention of an independent insurance agent. Be sure to look for the Big "I" Seal when you buy insurance. Only an independent agent can display it.





We are challenged You are summoned

The news is making it clear that this is a testing time for Americans.

At a time of challenge, the American future depends upon the American people: what we think, what we do, how we rise as individuals to the task of meeting great challenges with great achievement.

We each have a part to play.

Yours is described in the timely new citizen action guide "Challenge to Americans" offered here which puts the crisis of the moment in the true perspective of the struggle which is likely to continue for years.

Two-way revolution is far more complex than the emergencies of daily headlines.

As President Kennedy says:

"We are challenged by the revolution of communism. The Communists seek power through conspiracy, terror, aggression and deceit. They exploit and corrupt legitimate revolutionary forces, scavenging on poverty, ignorance, despair.

"And also we are challenged by the revolution of hope in continents long captive to stagnation and despair.

"We are challenged by the revolution in science and technology bringing new boons and new dangers to humanity.

"We are challenged by the revolution in international relationships. Nation has begun to work with nation to solve mankind's common problems. New international bodies are exploring uncharted paths of world cooperation in the interests of worldwide peace, justice and freedom."

In an age of revolution, we dare not forget that we



are heirs to a continuing, liberating revolution. We dare not fail to press that revolution forward, to perfect democracy at home, to make it an example to the world. Only in earning our freedom over again can we strengthen them. Only by extending our freedoms to all mankind can we preserve them.

This we can and must do as individuals. We must accept our responsibilities as we do our rights, the two are today inseparable. We must look upon national challenge—whether it

is an immediate challenge in Cuba, Berlin, or Asia, or the continuing longer range challenge—as a personal opportunity to do something important for our country. We must seek to excel, to stand up, to stand out in our private lives, our homes, our work, communities, schools, in all places, in all things.

A good way to begin is with a mature understanding of what we are up against and what you personally can do about it. You will find exactly that in the timely new booklet, Challenge to Americans. Endorsed by Presidents Kennedy and Eisenhower, approved by the Department of State, it is an indispensable information and action guide for the purposeful citizen.

We need many such citizens. We need them now. We need you—your value as an individual, your power as the source of our national strength, your aid in deciding our common future.

Your copy of Challenge to Americans is free. You can be learning from it and you can be acting upon it in a matter of days. Write CHALLENGE, Box 1776, New York 17, New York.

FREEDOM IS NOT A GIFT BUT A TASK

"Understanding — knowing today's challenges, knowing how to meet them — is the theme of this booklet. Let action follow understanding. Let each of us resolve to do something extra for our country in this period of monumental trial and magnificent opportunity.



"I commend this booklet to every American. It shows how you may add to our country's strength. The important thing is to do something and not excuse yourself by saying I can do so little it will make no difference. It does make a difference, a great difference."

This advertisement marks the start of another volunteer public-service campaign by The Advertising Council. All advertising space and time for Advertising Council Campaigns are contributed as a public service, and all creative work by advertising agencies is done free of charge.

Among other voluntary Advertising Council campaigns are: U.S. Savings Bonds, Forest Fire Prevention, Highway Safety (seat belts), Youth Physical Fitness, Red Cross, Peace Corps, etc. The Advertising Council, 25 West 45th St., New York, N.Y.



*wonderful sausage from
Jones Dairy Farm!*

In this rich farm country of Southern Wisconsin, we still make Jones Sausage the same way we did a century ago—from choice cuts of tender young pork—hams, loins, shoulders, and seasoned with fine natural spices. At better markets everywhere. Have a Jones breakfast this Sunday!

Also: Sausage Meat
Sliced Bacon
Sausage Patties
Liver Sausage

JONES DAIRY FARM, FORT ATKINSON, WISCONSIN

How to pick a Broker— in 1963

Tackle the classified with blindfold and straight pin?

Not recommended.

Hold party for stock-owning friends, start discussion on brokers, take notes?

Too expensive—party, that is.

Make neighborhood survey, ask doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief?

Results not conclusive, difference of opinion.

Best way? Easiest?

Just call, come in, or write —



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PIERCE, FENNER & SMITH INC**

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70 PINE STREET, NEW YORK 5, NEW YORK

MILESTONES

Born. To Sir Laurence Kerr Olivier, 55, thrice-wed knight of the British theater; and Joan Plowright, 33, ragdoll-eyed English actress (*A Taste of Honey*): their second child, first daughter; in Hove, Sussex. Name: Tamsin Agnes Margaret.

Divorced. Craig Francis Cullinan Jr., 37, Texaco oil heir; by Alison Prescott Cullinan, former Manhattan deb; after 11 years of marriage, one daughter; in Houston. Settlement: \$765,916.71.

Divorced. David Lee Merrick, 51, Broadway's most bombastic and successful producer, who has put on more than 20 hit shows since 1954; by Leone Beck Merrick; after 24 years of marriage, no children; in Las Vegas. Settlement: \$40,000, plus alimony of \$26,000 a year.

Died. John Womack Vandercook, 60, velvet-voiced news analyst for NBC and ABC, who wrote 14 books on his journeys, among them the 1928 best-seller *Black Majesty* on Haiti's fierce King Christophe, later became one of World War II's best-known radio newsmen; of a heart attack; in Delhi, N.Y. One memorable report: "Bombs dropped on the japs. I mean bombs japped on the dops . . . Well, anyway, they hit them."

Died. Boris Mikhailovich Morros, 68, Hollywood producer who doubled as a U.S. cold war counterespionage; of cancer; in Manhattan. Well-known for his musicals (*Tales of Manhattan*) in the 1930s and '40s, suave, Russian-born Morros was contacted in 1943 by the Soviets, who used his father as a hostage; he pretended to turn Communist, for years endured snubs and abuse from his fellow citizens while quietly collecting information for the FBI that helped crack Convicted Traitor Jack Soble's atom spy ring. Said Morros after it was all over: "I had to do more realistic acting than any of the players I ever directed in Hollywood."

Died. Bonar Thompson, 74, Britain's foremost practitioner of the art of soap-box oratory, whose clarion Irish brogue dominated London's Hyde Park Corner for half a century; in London.

Died. Sir Bruce Ingram, 85, working editor since 1900 of Britain's *Illustrated London News*; of a heart attack; in Chesham, Buckinghamshire. Given a trial as editor of the well-bred journal his grandfather began in 1842, Ingram established himself at the age of 23 with an unparalleled scoop of Queen Victoria's funeral; he stationed 24 artists along the route to Windsor Castle, matched their drawings into 24 double-truck spreads and hit the newsstands within three days. Said Ingram, when photography replaced the sketches: and sepia-tinted rotogravure became the *News's* trademark: "A pity, really—the camera never sees all the things the eye does."

You can't tell the gods without a scorecard

One of the big questions in deciphering the civilization of ancient Greece has always been: where do the gods leave off and where do the heroes begin?

This week, in the second instalment of its major 8-part series on ancient Greece, *LIFE* explores the fabulous legends of Greek mythology: the gods and their consorts, Zeus, Athena, Apollo, Aphrodite—and the heroes, Hercules, Odysseus, Achilles, and the others.

Unique paintings in color by the noted artist Eugene Berman illustrate some of the most famous of the myths, as delightful a display of classic fantasy as ever charmed a child's senses or stirred the soul of man.

Greek myth forms a solid basis for contemporary imagination, art, drama, literature. Greek history forms the cornerstone of contemporary civilization. *LIFE* this week combines hearsay with history in a clear and concise chronicle, from Agamemnon to Alexander.



... The legends of ancient times; the history of today; the uncharted promise of tomorrow: every week, *LIFE* captures in absorbing picture and text the ideas and forces which mold the world we live in. For people who care, this kind of reporting has a magnetic attraction. People you like to talk to read *LIFE*.

MODERN LIVING

RECREATION

Down to the Sea

Americans seem to be getting ready for the day when the population explosion edges mankind off the land and into the water. They have been taking to the boats ever since war's end; today some 7,500,000 private vessels pitch, yaw, roll, bob and wallow in U.S. waters—about one for every 24 men, women and children in the land. And the \$2.5 billion business they keep afloat is confident of booming new records in 1963. This week the boat business played host to the boat-hooked public at the 53rd annual Motor Boat Show in Manhattan's Coliseum.

In the well-established U.S. tradition, there was plenty of wall-to-wall luxury in the 500-odd models on display, from the lowliest stinkpot to the "queen" of the show—a 45-ft. 55-in. cruiser by the Century Boat Co., packed with spacious, gracious air-conditioned living for \$61,670. Royalty is relative—this queen would be a mere lady in waiting to the great custom-built yachts of the world. And even at the Coliseum she was queen by a bare 3 in.; the Greenwich Yacht Co. offered one 45 ft. 2½ in. long for only \$45,465, and there were four other cruisers 40 ft. or longer.

The old tradition that a woman at sea is bad luck has long since sunk without a trace. Every boat seemed designed to appeal to the feminine eye for color and convenience, even in the sailboats, the last stronghold of the hornyhanded old salt. Most fetching was a 35-ft. sloop-rigged motor sailer made by that master of motorboats, Chris-Craft. With 563 sq. ft. of sail on a beamy (11 ft.) Fiberglas hull, Chris-Craft's "sail yacht" is powered by a hefty 60-h.p. engine that gives it a

cruising speed of six or seven knots. In cabins finished in maple paneling, it sleeps six comfortably (two in a bridal suite aft of the cockpit) and sports two heads, one with a shower. Price: \$24,495. This comfortable concession to the growing popularity of sail is echoed in a 31-ft. economy model by the Sumner Boat Co., which provides a cutter rig and a 108-h.p. Ford diesel motor for \$14,070.

Outboards are the meat and potatoes of the boat business. Some 700,000 of them were sold last year, even though the price is going steadily up; in 1958 the average price of an outboard was \$384 and last year it was about \$600. Outboard innovation in this year's show is a 15 h.p. diesel by Scott at \$1,095, designed for heavy-duty work loads and economical operation.

Real innovations were few among the catamarans, longitudinal step hulls and dihedral vee shapes that continued to compete with the conventional designs. A major trend is the increasing popularity of the inboard-outboard motor: in the 1961 show, 13 boats with inboard-outboard motors were exhibited, 38 were shown last year, and this year's show has 44. Inboard-outboards have the motor inside the hull (conferring more horsepower and greater prestige), while the propeller assembly is mounted outside the stern transom, permitting it to be raised in shallow water or for beaching and trailering to and from the yachtsman's water supply.

LEISURE

Less Staring, More Listening

Time was when almost anyone who had shot an aardvark or stared at a commissar or eaten 327 doughnuts in 83 minutes could pick up extra cash lecturing to women's clubs. Real celebrities were hard-



SHERMAN ADAMS



ALBERT BURKE

Fellowship of Helen Hokinson.

ly required to lecture; they just had to turn up and let themselves be stared at.

Things are different on the lecture circuit these days. Too many people have seen too many celebrities on TV to be impressed with the mere sight of them. Says Publisher Bennett Cerf, a veteran lecturer, "You've got to have something to say."

Gracious Living Can Be Fun. Spotlight lecturers this year include such heavy-duty thinkers as Editor Norman Cousins ("Education and Our Foreign Policy"), Author Vance Packard ("The Changing Character of the American People"), ex-FBI Agent Herbert Philbrick ("Zero Hour for America"). There is still room for the woman's angle with such as Gossipist Hedda Hopper on Hollywood, and Etiquette Expert Amy Vanderbilt ("Gracious Living Can Be Fun"). And it seems there will always be John Mason Brown, the dean of them all, who has been dispensing wit and wisdom for 36 years, is currently attacking what he calls the "spiritual fall-out" in writing. "The purpose of writing," he orates, "is to hold a mirror to nature, and too much today is written from small mirrors in vanity cases," while the popular purveyors of the dirty word "appear to have trouble remembering whether they are writing on a page or on a wall."

The nationwide bureaus—Leigh, Keedick and Columbia—charge from \$100 to \$1,000 per lecturer, from which they take 50%–10% (out of his remainder the speaker is expected to pay his own expenses). In the top bracket are Funny-men Cerf and Walter Slezak, as well as Pundits Stewart Alsop and C. Northcote Parkinson. "Price is based mainly on the name, personality and availability of a celebrity—and of course on his tax bracket," says Robert Keedick of the Keedick Lecture Bureau. "On the other hand, someone who has a message to sell, like Billy Graham, will go for a lot less."

The audiences who sit at the lecturers' feet are still mostly women, but they are no longer the fluttery gushers the late Helen Hokinson lampooned 15 years



DE LUXE GALLEY
More appeal for the ladies.



CHRIS-CRAFT'S SLOOP

CENTURY'S 45-FOOTER

How to live from Paycheck to Paycheck

(AND WONDER WHERE THE MONEY WENT)

The most important part of family money management is not whether you barely make it from paycheck to paycheck but how you can keep your budget from collapsing when you have to make a major purchase.

For example, suppose you need a new car or a larger house. Or suppose it's finally time to send the kids to college, or treat yourselves to a well-earned trip, or take advantage of a business opportunity. Can you swing it?

Often the answer depends on whether you're established with the right kind of financial institution so you can borrow a large sum of money. And borrow it at rates you can afford.

Where is the best place to borrow money?

A Full Service commercial bank has two distinct advantages over other financial institutions. First, it is not confined to making just a few types of loans. A Full Service bank can make loans for

practically any legitimate purpose you can name. And, second, interest rates on loans at a Full Service bank are generally lower than you'll find elsewhere. This means that when you do business with a Full Service bank, you have *one* source for *all* your loans. A source that, more often than not, will save you dollars and cents in interest costs.

Getting this kind of service from a Full Service commercial bank is a lot easier than you might think. All you do is follow this plan:

1. Pick a Full Service bank near your home or work. (If it offers checking accounts, savings accounts and all types of loans, it's a Full Service bank.)
2. Make this bank your financial headquarters. Give it your checking accounts, your savings accounts, and all the loans you may need.
3. Get to know at least one of the bank's officers so that you know where you stand financially right now. A good

way to do this is to fill out a Personal Financial Statement for his files.

4. When you need some extra money, borrow it from the bank instead of taking it from your savings. This way, you'll keep your savings account intact, and you'll also build a solid credit reputation with the bank.

Soon, you'll find you have a priceless working relationship with the bank, a relationship you can count on whenever you need sound financial counsel and low interest loans to help you achieve your family's goals.

Get to know your banker before you need him

For the sake of *your* financial future, start doing business with a Full Service commercial bank now.



Your Full Service
Commercial Bank

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Who needs it

CLASS OF SERVICE

This is a fast message unless its deferred character is indicated by the proper symbol.

WESTERN UNION TELEGRAM

W. P. MARSHALL, PRESIDENT

SYMBOLS

DL = Day Letter

NL = Night Letter

LT = International Letter Telegram

The time shown in the date line on domestic telegrams is LOCAL TIME at point of origin. Time of receipt is LOCAL TIME at point of destination.

WHO NEEDS TELEGRAMS? NAME A BUSINESSMAN WHO DOESN'T! CLEAR, CONCISE TELEGRAMS HELP A BUSY MAN ORGANIZE, GET THINGS DONE ON SCHEDULE. AND, A TELEGRAM IS CONSIDERATE: NEVER NEEDLESSLY INTERRUPTS WHAT A MAN IS DOING.

TO BE SURE TO GET ACTION, SEND A TELEGRAM.

THE COMPANY WILL APPRECIATE SUGGESTIONS FROM ITS PATRONS CONCERNING ITS SERVICE

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ago. "Younger women with good educations are turning out," says John Mason Brown, "and the college audiences are infinitely more interested."

Town & Gown. Playing an increasing role as cultural centers in their communities, colleges are sponsoring lectures open to town as well as gown, and now account for at least 50% of the business handled by the three nationwide lecture bureaus. At Middlebury College in Middlebury, Vt., last week, Vermont's ex-Governor Sherman Adams, a veteran of six years of power and pillory as Eisenhower's "Assistant President," gave his appraisal of the pressures on a U.S. President: "Great decisions are not the result of popular mandate, but of presidential judgment. It is the President's duty to stand up to the pressures on him."

The other major influence on lecturers and lectured has been the rise of what are known as Town Halls. With fees for name speakers averaging about \$750, a sizable hall is needed, and it has become the practice for organizations such as church groups and Junior Leagues to hire an auditorium and enlist patrons for a lecture series. The Town Hall movement got under way eight years ago in Birmingham, Mich., a town near Detroit, where it proved so popular that there are now 15 or 20 in the Detroit area alone. They are proliferating across the country (two Town Halls recently opened simultaneously in Pittsburgh alone). Lectures take place in the morning, followed by a luncheon for the lion of the day and a limited number of ladies. "The lunch," says Kee-dick, "is the kind of thing you just have to be seen at."

All-Purpose Pundit. One of the most popular lions these days is Dr. Albert Burke, whose television program, *A Way of Thinking*, is syndicated to some 60 stations. Two years ago he started lecturing at a \$100 fee, now commands as much as \$1,000, has had audiences as large as 10,000. All-Purpose Pundit Burke, who is billed as a "scientist, economist and world affairs authority," was onetime director of graduate studies in conservation at Yale. He does his best to stir up people's minds on anything and everything from the American Indian to the nature of Communism, using staccato sentences punctuated by pregnant pauses and jabbing questions such as, "Just what does all this mean to you?" To complaints that his impassioned delivery is not objective enough, Burke replied recently: "I am concerned about objectivity in people. They are the people who hide from things around them. The greatest injustices I know have been created in the name of objectivity."

New York Times Correspondent Harrison Salisbury, who lectures mostly on Russia, is impressed with the overall improvement in U.S. audiences. "When I started lecturing in 1956, after coming back from Russia," he says, "the level of questions was primitive in the extreme. Now they're penetrating." Says Poet Ogden Nash: "It's fun to find out that the hinterlands are not the hinterlands."

NEW YORK'S NEWEST HOTEL



A magnificent hotel. The AMERICANA of New York...50 stories tall. Great location: in Mid-Manhattan, close to Rockefeller Center, Fifth Avenue shops, theatres, the new Lincoln Center. Gracious comforts: 24-hour room service, in-hotel garage, concierge, 5 international restaurants. Added features: all rooms and suites have bar-refrigerators, hi-fi radio, TV, bathroom 'phone extension. Welcome!

Americana OF NEW YORK

Claudius C. Philippe, Exec. Vice Pres. & Mng. Dir. • Thomas F. Troy, Gen. Mgr.
52nd TO 53rd STREETS, EAST OF SEVENTH AVENUE • (212) LT 1-1080

LOEW'S HOTELS • PRESTON ROBERT TISCH, PRESIDENT

...AND IN PUERTO RICO, IT'S THE AMERICANA OF SAN JUAN



Life sciences explore the anatomy of space

The life sciences group at The Garrett Corporation is concerned with the reaction of living organisms to their environment, and the development of environmental systems to support such organisms. Intensive investigation is now being conducted at Garrett in all major areas of the life sciences—microbiology, neurophysiology, psychology, biochemistry, biophysics and related areas—to study the relationship of man to his environment in extended space travel.

These studies vary in scope from determining the effects of near vacuum conditions on laboratory subjects over long periods of time, to definitively evaluating the effects of re-entry acceleration on human beings.

The only product of this extensive life sciences program is knowledge—knowledge which will support the important contributions continually being made by The Garrett Corporation to this nation's manned spaceflight programs.



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U.S. BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

The Hard-Core Million

By most measures, U.S. business last week was good and getting better. Industrial production and personal income were running at all-time highs. From Commerce Department statisticians came news that December had been a record month for the nation's retailers, who rang up more than \$20 billion in Christmas sales. Automakers, beaming over three straight months of record business that pushed 1962 car sales to the second highest level in history (see box) were working some plants on six-day overtime schedules in the expectation that 1963 will be very nearly as good as last year.

On Wall Street, where the Dow-Jones industrial average has climbed 25 points to 671.60 since the year began, brokers happily watched small investors returning to the market in sizable numbers for the first time since the crash last spring. In its latest quarterly consumer poll, the University of Michigan reported that 39% of the nation's families are earning more than they were a year ago, and that 20% of them expect to buy new or used cars in 1963. But amidst all these euphoric signs, there is one troubling problem which afflicts a minority—but too big a minority of Americans. Said the University of Michigan survey: "Worries, especially about unemployment, are widespread."

The 5% Problem. Unemployment in the U.S. has been frozen at 5% or more of the labor force for almost 2½ years, and shows few signs of melting. Last week the Labor Department reported that in December the rate sank from 5.8% to 5.6%—but this is the petty kind of statistical shift that is explained by the cold weather. In absolute terms, the num-

DETROIT'S BANNER YEARS

	1955	1962
	(Current Registrations)	(Estimated Registrations)
GENERAL MOTORS:	3,639,120	3,692,400
Chevrolet	1,600,681	2,131,100
Corvair		(293,200)
Pontiac	593,607	541,700
Oldsmobile	549,515	461,500
Buick	737,677	472,700
Cadillac	141,038	185,400
FORD MOTOR CO.:	1,980,736	1,852,100
Ford	1,573,276	1,493,400
Falcon		(168,700)
Mercury	371,837	326,500
Lincoln	35,623	32,200
CHRYSLER CORP.:	1,206,195	694,200
Plymouth	667,352	313,200
Volant		(127,900)
Dodge	284,323	248,900
Chrysler		
Imperial	156,458	132,100
De Soto	118,062	100,000
AMERICAN MOTORS:	136,753	434,750
1963 figures include Nash and Hudson divisions		
STUDEBAKER:	147,844	79,350
(1965 figures include divisions)		
IMPORTS & MISCELLANEOUS:	59,270	334,700
GRAND TOTAL:	7,169,908	7,087,500

ber of Americans at work dropped from 68 million in November to 67.6 million in December.

A good many unionists, and a few of their economists, attribute the persistent phenomenon of unemployment in prosperity to the onrush of automation. Automation does account for dislocations: over the past three years, industrial production in the U.S. has risen by an average of 3.8%, but automation helped increase the productivity of U.S. workers by 2.7% and thus largely removed need for new hiring. But the real trouble seems to be that the U.S. economy is no longer growing very fast. If the U.S. could increase the productivity of U.S. workers by gross national product from 2% to the Common Market average of about 6%, the number of new jobs created would more than offset the effects of automation.

The Big Ifs. Critics often suggest that U.S. Labor Department figures on U.S. unemployment are wrongly calculated. By counting workers on temporary layoffs, people who have quit their jobs in search of higher pay and teen-agers looking for holiday work, the Labor Department arrives at an unemployment rate far higher than it would be if the U.S. switched to the European system of counting only the hard core of long-unemployed adults. But the number of adult U.S. men who have been out of work for 15 weeks or more still stands at 1,000,000. And the figures might be even larger had not so many potentially employable Americans given up looking for jobs in the past few years.

More and more, U.S. youngsters stretch their studies into graduate school, oldersters are retiring early, and working mothers are returning to the kitchen.

As a result of such withdrawals from the labor market, the U.S. work force last year expanded by only 700,000, an expected 1,000,000. But this slowdown in the growth of the labor force is unlikely to continue. This year, as the World War II babies hit the labor market, the work force will probably swell by 1,200,000. The increase will come in the age group where unemployment is now highest among workers aged 20 or less. The percentage of jobless in this group—that is, of young people seeking and not finding work—already runs 12.7%.

LABOR

Kaiser's New Approach

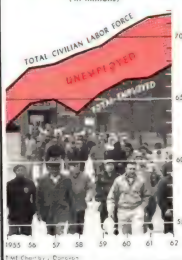
As they went on shift in Fontana, Calif., last week, 7,000 employees of the Kaiser Steel Corp. stopped off at improvised polling booths at the plant gates. By an overwhelming 74% vote, the Kaiser workers agreed to give a four-year trial to an experimental labor contract that may ultimately alter the tone of collective bargaining in the U.S.

The new Kaiser contract is the product of two years' work by a committee that Kaiser Chairman Edgar Kaiser, 54, and the United Steelworkers set up in a joint effort to prevent a repetition of the bitter 1959 steel strike. The plan aims to avoid endless haggling over wage rates and to soften the impact of technological change in the rapidly automating steel industry. Basic elements:

► The Kaiser local of the United Steelworkers will not have to do any wage bargaining at all, will automatically get the

The Job Shortage

(in millions)



McDONALD & KAISER
Let the Easterners haggle.



GILBERT VAN CAMP JR.



CANNERY IN AMERICAN SAMOA
Gone abroad for reasons of health.

same wage increases that the union wins in its negotiations with the Eastern steel companies.

► Each month Kaiser will divide up among its workers 32.5% of whatever savings the company achieves by increasing productivity or cutting the cost of its supplies. (The figure of 32.5% was selected because labor accounts for about a third of Kaiser's costs.) If the savings to be divided grow big enough, the union will let Kaiser store up some of them to be used to pay any future increases in basic steel wages.

► No Kaiser employee will be laid off if his job is eliminated by automation, and if he is forced to move to a lower-paying post, he will go on being paid at his old rate for a year.

So far, reaction to the plan from other steel companies has been unfavorable. They fear that it takes away management's basic right to decide how to spend its income, and opens the company's most intimate statistics to union officials. Even Steelworker President David J. McDonald is not yet prepared to give the Kaiser plan a final endorsement; he wants to see how it works out during its four-year trial period and is unlikely in the meantime to demand similar concessions from the Eastern companies. But if it proves successful, the Kaiser plan might work a significant change in the psychology of U.S. unions by giving labor a positive interest in the progress of automation.

CORPORATIONS

Tuna Turnaround

In the mid-'50s, ruin seemed just around the corner for California's Van Camp Sea Food Co., the world's largest tuna-fish packer. Trapped between the rising costs of U.S.-caught tuna and mounting U.S. sales of Japanese brands cheaper than its Chicken of the Sea, the company watched its once hefty profits dwindle to the vanishing point. Recalls one senior Van Camp executive: "It was

a question of either dying here or going elsewhere."

Van Camp's choice was to go elsewhere in search of cheaper labor. The first step was into American Samoa, where the company based a fishing fleet and built a cannery. Then, in quick succession, Van Camp bought a cannery in Puerto Rico, set up two freezing plants on Africa's Atlantic coast, and established four canneries in Peru and one in Ecuador. Meanwhile, the U.S. Government helped out by increasing the tariff on Japanese tuna. The result has been a sharp turnaround for Van Camp: in the past ten years, the company has doubled its sales to \$73.5 million and turned its former losses into a 1962 profit of \$3,200,000.

Instant Capitalism. In its foreign operations, Van Camp tries hard to make friends. It employs nearly 3,000 locally hired workers abroad, keeps its U.S. supervisory staff to a bare minimum. In both Peru and Ecuador, its canneries produce fish byproducts that the company sells at cost to supplement the low-protein native diet. In Ecuador the company has enabled local fishermen to own boats by giving them loans and taking a cut of each catch until the debt is paid off.

But to Van Camp President Gilbert Van Camp Jr., 41, the happiest result of his company's decision to go global has been its effect on the U.S. tuna fishing industry. To meet the competition of Van Camp's foreign fleets, West Coast tuna fishermen began to abandon their time-wasting practice of "horsing in" tuna with poles, re-equipped their boats with nylon seines that cut costs and increased the catch. They also held down wage demands. As a result, despite its burgeoning foreign operations, Van Camp now buys more West Coast fish than before.

Fishy Existence. The Van Camp family got into canning in Indianapolis in 1861, when Gilbert Jr.'s great-grandfather began packing tomatoes; subsequently his offspring began putting up pork and beans. In 1914 the Van Camps sold off

the Indianapolis business—which ultimately fell into the hands of the Stokely family—and headed for California and tuna. Though the Stokelys retain the Van Camp name on their pork-and-beans can, the Van Camps no longer have any interest in pork and beans. But they own 60% of Van Camp Sea Food.

Since tuna consumption in the U.S. has been increasing at a steady 7% each year without any increase in prices—tuna is one of the few foods that cost the consumer less today than a decade ago—stocky Gilbert Van Camp foresees an ever brighter future for his company. His life is wrapped up in fish. His special pride is an 85-ft. power boat, the *Tantuna*, on which he likes to cruise with his wife and four daughters, aged 10 to 18. What do they do on their cruises? They fish. Boasts Van Camp: "We horsed in 12 tons of tuna last summer just on weekends."

BANKING

Hour of Truth in Dallas

Late last month, as the law requires, Comptroller of the Currency James J. Saxon, 48, issued a year-end call to all federally chartered U.S. banks to report their deposits on hand. By longstanding tradition, the comptroller's annual call has always come on Dec. 31—which has given growth-minded banks a chance to pad their fiscal shoulders by pulling in temporary extra deposits from correspondent banks or, less ethically, by juggling letters of credit or withdrawals still clearing the mails. Combative ex-Banker Saxon, however, chose to make his move on Dec. 28. As he hoped, the early call caught a number of surprised bankers with their deposits down.

Nowhere did faces turn quite so red as in Dallas, where the giants of Southwestern banking battle endlessly for No. 1 ranking in everything from the heft of their assets to the height of their buildings. Saxon's Dec. 28 call caught the Republic National of Dallas ("Biggest in the South") with assets of \$1,112,000,000; by the time of the traditional call date three days later, Republic's assets had suddenly swollen nearly \$90 million to \$1,201,000,000. Similarly, Dallas' second-ranked First National Bank (which is currently building itself a headquarters to fit, higher than the 508-ft. skyscraper occupied by Republic) listed assets of \$1,054,000,000 on Dec. 31—but only \$907 million on Dec. 28. All told, the assets of Dallas' 30 banks stood \$270 million lower on Dec. 28 than they did 72 hours later at the traditional time for the year-end call.

Most Dallas bankers would be delighted to see a cease-fire in the year-end deposit-padding contest and had no criticism to make of what one vice-president called Saxon's "rute trick." But none was prepared to make any apologies, either. Said one: "Bigness in itself might not be a selling point for a bank anywhere else in the country. But it is here. Our clients want to do business with the biggest and the best. It's part of that Neiman-Marcus thinking."



Illustration a Service Mark of American Airlines, Inc.

They come from all over the world to see our Tulsa operation.

They've come to see us from Germany and Ireland and Scandinavia. From Argentina and Brazil. They've come all the way from India and Japan and Australia. And from here in the United States. Airline maintenance people, who want to see how we do it at the world-famous American Airlines maintenance base at Tulsa, Oklahoma. (Not only do they come themselves, but some of them even send us their jet aircraft to be overhauled, or converted into fan

jets like our celebrated Astrojets.) They come to see the way we take apart a jet engine and then put it together so that it's even better than it was when it was new. They come to see what it is that gives American Airlines its reputation for taking such good care of its planes. When they go away, they know the answers: The best facilities and equipment that money can buy. And something that money can't buy. Devoted people.

AMERICAN AIRLINES
AMERICA'S LEADING AIRLINE





THE CHASE MANHATTAN BANK

HEAD OFFICE: 1 Chase Manhattan Plaza, New York 15, N. Y.

Statement of Condition, December 31, 1962

ASSETS

Cash and Due from Banks	\$ 3,054,215,053
U. S. Government Obligations	1,459,600,599
State, Municipal and Public Securities	721,728,360
Other Securities	59,588,809
Mortgages	311,601,623
Loans	5,105,847,078
<i>Less: Reserve for Loans</i>	<i>132,100,023</i>
Banking Premises and Investment in Realty Affiliates	92,493,836
Customers' Acceptance Liability	186,018,108
Other Assets	73,329,652
	<u>\$10,932,323,095</u>

LIABILITIES

Deposits	\$ 9,631,947,815
Funds Borrowed	168,796,694
Reserve for Taxes	49,793,506
Acceptances Outstanding	190,755,343
Other Liabilities	103,573,420
Reserve for Contingencies	38,585,123
Capital Funds:	
Capital Stock (Par Value \$12.50 Per Share)	\$174,594,425
<small>13,967,554 Shares Outstanding of 14,659,071 Shares Authorized</small>	
Surplus	500,000,000
Undivided Profits	74,276,769
	748,871,194
	<u>\$10,932,323,095</u>

Of the above assets \$813,876,837 are pledged to secure public deposits and for other purposes, and trust and certain other deposits are preferred as provided by law. Securities with a book value of \$67,735,348 are loaned to customers against collateral.

Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

**Shake his hand.
Open the box.
Plug it in.
Let 'er roll.**



Revolutionary projector sells your product anywhere. In sound and color. In broad daylight. Sets up in 10 seconds—and repeats automatically. Let us demonstrate:

Technically, the Fairchild 400 is an 8mm rear screen sound movie projector. It works more like a TV set, except you don't have to fuss with the focus.

The Fairchild weighs less than a portable typewriter and takes up less than 2 sq. ft.—wide open.

It shows up to 20 minutes' worth of color sound film. Requires no warm-up. Takes just 10 seconds to set up, plug in and turn on. *On is when it counts.*

You can demonstrate snow removal in July, a turbo-prop on a desktop or review a year's research in a minute. Take your customer on a field trip, a test run, or a tour of the plant. Right where he signs the orders.

When the commercial's over, the Fairchild's ready to repeat, automatically, up to 3000 times per print.

As we said, the Fairchild is an 8mm machine—the most reliable and modern ever made—but any 16mm or 35mm film can be quickly and easily reduced to 8, sound and all.

Thousands of Fairchild 400s have gone into use in the first 12 months. They're helping salesmen multiply sales of

automobiles, building materials, tractors, staplers, howling alleys and brassieres. They're converting par salesmen into crackerjacks. Demonstrating product advantages everywhere. Concisely. Dramatically. If you have a product the Fairchild might help, clip the coupon. We'll rush one over and plug it in.

FAIRCHILD

Fairchild Camera and Instrument Corporation
Industrial Products Division
580 Midland Avenue, Yonkers, New York

T-1

Gentlemen: I want to see for myself what the 400 can do.

Name

Position

Firm

Address

City Zone State

"AN AFFECTIONATE, WHOLESOME COMEDY."—*Newsweek Magazine* "A LOVABLE VIEW OF A LOVABLE MAN...LEVENE IS, AS ALWAYS, A MAN YOU LIKE TO DO BUSINESS WITH."—*The New Yorker*



THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTIONS, INC.—JOEL SCHENKER
and MICHAEL KANIN present

SAM LEVENE

IN THE SEASON'S TOP COMEDY HIT

SEIDMAN AND SON

by ELICK MOLL

Directed by CARMEN CAPALBO

MAIL ORDERS NOW PRICES: Evgs. Mon. thru Thurs.: Orch. \$6.90; Mezz. \$5.75, 4.80, 3.95; 2nd Balc. \$2.90, 2.50. Fri., Sat. Evgs. Orch. \$7.50; Mezz. \$6.90, 5.75, 4.80; 2nd Balc. \$3.60, 2.90. Wed. Mat.: Orch. \$4.80; Mezz. \$4.30, 3.60; 2nd Balc. \$2.50. Sat. Mat.: Orch. \$5.40; Mezz. \$4.60, 4.00; 2nd Balc. \$3.00. Please enclose self-addressed stamped envelope with order and specify several alternate dates.

BELASCO THEATRE 111 W. 44th St., N. Y. C.

THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTIONS, INC.
presents

GERTRUDE BERG

in a new comedy

"DEAR ME, The Sky Is Falling"

by LEONARD SPIGELGASS

Based on a story by GERTRUDE BERG and JAMES YAFFE

Directed by HERMAN SHUMLIN

also starring

HOWARD DA SILVA

with

JOAN HACKETT

WILLIAM DANIELS

TRESA HUGHES MICHAEL BASELEON

RON LEIBMAN MIMI RANDOLPH

Set and costumed by WILL STEVEN ARMSTRONG

Costumes by EDITH LUTTENS

OPENS SAT. EVG. MARCH 2 - MAIL ORDERS NOW

Prices: Mon. thru Thurs. Evgs., Orch. \$6.90; Balcony, \$5.75, \$4.80, \$4.70, \$3.60, \$3.00. Fri. & Sat. Evgs., Orch. \$7.50; Balcony, \$6.90, \$5.75, \$4.80, \$4.20, \$3.60. Wed. Mat.: Orch. \$4.80; Balcony, \$4.20, \$3.60, \$3.00, \$2.40. Sat. Mat.: Orch. \$5.40; Balcony, \$4.80, \$4.20, \$3.60, \$3.00. Please enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope, specify alternate dates.

MUSIC BOX THEATRE

239 West 45 Street, N. Y. C.

PRIOR TO BROADWAY: NEW HAVEN, SHUBERT THEATRE, JAN. 26-FEB. 2
PHILADELPHIA, NEW LOCUST THEATRE, FEB. 4-FEB. 18

LIFE BEGINS AT 39!



THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTIONS, INC.
presents

JACK BENNY

IN PERSON

with his singing star

JANE MORGAN

CLARA WARD and the WARD SINGERS

TONI MARCUS—BALT BROTHERS

Musical Direction—Malcolm Merrick

Design and Light by Sam Leve

Executive Producer—Irving Fein

For Theatre Guild Productions, Don Herbert

6 WEEKS ONLY!

OPENS WED. EVG. FEB. 27 - MAIL ORDERS NOW

Prices: Evgs. at 8:30: Tues. thru Thurs. Orch. \$6.90; Mezz. \$5.75; Balc. \$4.80, 4.30, 3.60, 2.90. Fri., Sat. & Sun. Evgs. and OPENING NIGHT: Orch. \$7.50; Mezz. \$6.90; Balc. \$5.75, 4.80, 4.30, 3.60. Mats. Wed. at 2 PM, Sat. & Sun. at 2:30 PM. Orch. \$4.80; Mezz. \$4.30; Balc. \$3.60, 2.90, 2.30. No Monday Performances. Please enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope with check or money order and specify several alternate dates.

ZIEGFELD THEATRE

54th Street & 6th Ave., N. Y. C.
PRIOR TO BROADWAY: TORONTO, O'KEEFE CENTER, FEB. 11-FEB. 23

TAXES

Bitter Victory

After eleven months of embarrassing headlines and two courtroom trials—the first of which ended in a hung jury—Manhattan Broker J. (for James) Truman Bidwell, 50, former chairman of the board of governors of the New York Stock Exchange, was last week acquitted of income tax evasion.

There were many in Wall Street who thought that Bidwell had been made a victim. The charges that the Government brought against Bidwell last February accused him and his wife of two major offenses: 1) deliberate failure to report \$15,500 in capital gains from stock transactions in 1956; 2) overstating their business and charity deductions in 1956 and 1957 by \$78,000. Well before his indictment Bidwell had negotiated a settlement with the Internal Revenue Service under which he increased his 1956 and 1957 tax payments from \$55,000 to \$98,000. But the Government chose to prosecute him anyway on a charge of intent to defraud.

In his defense Bidwell said that he had failed to report the capital gains because his secretary forgot to include them in the worksheets which he used in preparing his returns. As for his deductions, Bidwell insisted that these were not excessive for a man earning some \$200,000 a year. He also argued that the bulk of his business expenses and gifts to charity had not come out of current income at all but out of a \$60,000 to \$70,000 cash reserve that he and his wife had built up from family gifts dating back to their marriage in 1920. And though Government Attorney Stephen E. Kaufman argued that it was "inherently improbable" that anyone would keep so much of his wealth in cash, the jury obviously did not agree.

Bidwell himself professed delight with



J. TRUMAN BIDWELL
Just about tax time.

his acquittal "which vindicates my faith in the jury system." But the case left a bitter aftertaste. Each year, just as the public is settling down to fill out its federal income tax forms, the Internal Revenue Service, by what it insists is pure coincidence, brings tax evasion charges against someone prominent enough to ensure national publicity for the case.

Many Wall Streeters believe that Bidwell was chosen as the IRS pigeon for 1962—a suspicion reinforced by the fact that although the Government began investigating Bidwell's returns in 1958, it did not get around to asking for an indictment against him until after he became chairman of the N.Y.S.E.'s governors. Legally, all this was within the Government's rights, and legally Bidwell came out of the experience undamaged. But it was also true that a case which was not strong enough to convince a jury had obliged Bidwell to resign his Stock Exchange chairmanship.

INDUSTRY

Puerto Rico's Brother Act

This is the palmy time of year in Puerto Rico, when fugitives from the mainland crowd the island's modernistic concrete hotels, hoping to warm their bones and tan their hides. Virtually every dollar the tourists spend somehow turns a profit for three forceful brothers named Ferré (rhymes with heret).

Since World War II the Ferrés—José, Luis and Herman—have built a complex of seven companies into Puerto Rico's biggest private business. Today the Ferrés make 90% of the island's cement, nearly all its bottles and most of its tile and paperboard. They also fabricate steel, make sugar-milling equipment, and are partners with Pan Am in the jazzy new El Ponce Intercontinental hotel. In 1962 the Ferré enterprises grossed \$80 million and netted, after taxes, some \$4,000,000.

Father Had Plans. The Ferré empire grew out of a small ironworks started in 1918 by the Ferré brothers' farseeing father, Don Antonio Ferré. A third-generation engineer himself, Don Antonio carefully fitted each of his sons into a family pool of management skills. Fun-loving José, now 60, was sent to study business administration at Boston University; today functions as the family's salesman and visionary deal maker. Reflective Luis, 58, who studied mechanical engineering at M.I.T., is the organizer, labor relations chief and, as the leader of Puerto Rico's Republican Party, the family politician. The production expert is Herman, 53, a quiet sort who majored in civil engineering at M.I.T. (A fourth brother, Carlos, who died in 1958, was a chemical engineer.)

In 1941, with the aid of a U.S. Government loan, the brothers began to build a cement plant to supply Puerto Rico's wartime needs. German U-boats sank all five ships sent from the U.S. with machinery for the plant, but the Ferrés determinedly scrounged up old motors around the island and cut out the big gears they needed in their own ironworks. In the end, the plant



LUIS, JOSÉ & HERMAN FERRÉ
Up from the ironworks.

turned out the cement used to build Puerto Rico's big Roosevelt Roads naval base.

In 1950, when Puerto Rico's Governor Luis Muñoz Marin decided to sell off four manufacturing plants started by the local government in a fit of socialist experimentation, the Ferrés again turned adversity to advantage. Unlike other bidders who were interested only in the government's moneymaking cement plant, the Ferrés agreed to buy unprofitable clay, glass and paper plants as well. By bringing in outside experts and training local workers in modern techniques, the Ferrés had all the plants in the black within a year. Today, wages in the Ferré plants run from \$1.60 to \$2.04 an hour, almost double the average for Puerto Rican industry.

A Star in Their Eyes. Though they have ridden high on Puerto Rico's boom, the Ferrés' interests are not confined to the island—or just to business. In 1954 they bought one of their former customers, Florida's Maule Industries, whose cement products have gone into most of the Miami Beach hotels. In their home town of Ponce, the brothers have put up \$1,000,000 for a new university. And Luis Ferré, a passionate art collector, recently engaged Architect Edward D. Stone to design a new home for Puerto Rico's solitary and Ferré-financed art museum.

The Ferré brothers' fondest hope is that their sons—there are four of them—will some day run the family businesses not from the Commonwealth of Puerto Rico but from the 51st state of the U.S. Statehood for Puerto Rico would more than double the corporate tax bill that the Ferrés pay under the Commonwealth, but they argue that it would attract many new industries and set off a new Puerto Rican boom by removing any danger that the island may some day be caught up in Caribbean turmoil. Says Luis Ferré: "If you can sell twice as much because of expanded markets, taxes are not an important consideration."

WORLD BUSINESS

COMMON MARKET

Proceed with Caution

Carried away by present prosperity, some Common Market businessmen see no ceiling to consumer demand in Europe. In sharp contrast to this rosy view is a still-unpublished report on the European auto industry, which was prepared by a group of Common Market economists and recently leaked to the French financial press. The gist of the report: Unless they recognize that European demand for cars is not inexhaustible, Europe's automakers are headed for trouble.

At the moment, the European auto industry could hardly be healthier. Since 1953, its sales have been rising at an average 16.8% annually; last year a decline in exports to the U.S. was more than offset by rising sales within the Market itself. Thus encouraged, nearly all Europe's automakers plan to expand. Ford is building a huge auto assembly plant in Belgium; General Motors' Opel is opening a new factory in the Ruhr; Alfa Romeo intends to hike its output from 300 to 400 autos a day by next year.

It is all this expansion that worries the economists. Since 1959, Europe's automakers have already increased their annual capacity about 40% to 4,300,000 cars. There are now five times as many cars for every 100 people in Europe as there were at the start of the postwar boom. The Common Market economists suspect that this means that auto sales in Europe will soon begin to level off, and

they predict that if the automakers continue to expand they will find themselves in 1965 with the capacity to produce 6,500,000 vehicles, but only 5,300,000 sales.

The Eurocrats apparently hoped, by leaking their report, to convince Europe's automakers that the European auto industry should go in for comprehensive economic planning along the lines now practiced in France. But the report left Europe's automakers unmoved. They mostly agree that overcapacity will result if all present expansion plans are carried out, and they frankly admit that within the next few years they expect a shake-out similar to the one that rocked the U.S. auto industry in the 1920s. Says Fiat Vice Chairman Giovanni Agnelli, 40: "There are about 40 automobile manufacturers in Europe today; 20 of them will probably have disappeared by 1970." But Agnelli, along with most of his competitors, believes that it is the other fellow who will get hurt.

SWEDEN

Three-in-One Plane

A neutral that always believes in being well armed, Sweden since World War II has poured billions of kronor into a potent 700-plane jet air force. Forging bombers, the Swedes have concentrated on interceptors, ground-attack and reconnaissance planes. But even to maintain three kinds of military aircraft is a heavy economic burden on so small a country. To cut costs, the Swedes have now designed a plane to do all three jobs: the all-weather, Mach 2-plus Viggen J37.

Named for the three-tongued bolt of lightning that sparked from Thor's hammer, the Viggen was designed by Saab (for Svenska Aeroplan Aktiebolaget). Saab currently reaps half its \$136 million annual sales from autos, trucks and tractors, but it is also the Continent's biggest privately owned aircraft manufacturer.

Saab's designers have come up with an unusual configuration for the Viggen. To obtain both maximum efficiency at full throttle aloft and the slow landing speed needed for the short makeshift runways, Saab Chief Designer Erik Bratt, 46, turned to a design used at the time of the Wright brothers, but seldom since. Bratt has placed a canard—a nose wing with adjustable flaps—in front of the Viggen's main delta wing. The canard will help the Viggen make tighter turns—especially at supersonic speeds—and will slow it rapidly for landings.

Bratt's plane, which will be ready for flight testing two years from now, promises to be a bonanza for a large part of Swedish industry. Though the Swedish air force has traditionally acted as its own prime contractor on planes, Saab will perform that role for the Viggen and is now letting out subcontracts to 1,500 other Swedish firms. L. M. Ericsson, Sweden's aggressive manufacturer of tele-



DESIGNER BRATT & VIGGEN
With a \$600 million thrust.

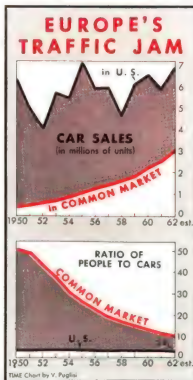
phone equipment, will be responsible for the Viggen's radar. Standard Radio (a Swedish subsidiary of International Telephone and Telegraph) will make the operations control system, and Svenska Flygmotor will build the souped-up JT8D engine under license from Pratt & Whitney. Slated to reach quantity production in 1969-70, Viggen is expected to keep 10,000 Swedish workmen busy for several years and to pour at least \$600 million into the coffers of Swedish industry.

BRITAIN

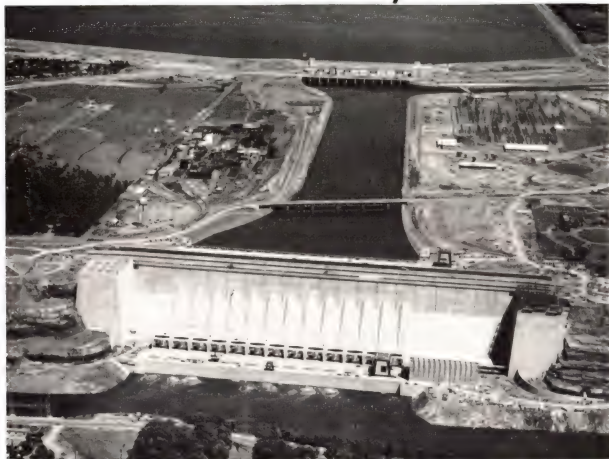
Anyone Can Be Lonely

In the London suburb of St. Albans one afternoon last week, a spry, retired accountant named Robert Turner, 70, tucked a notebook into his pocket and set out on a special call. In an hour's visit with Retired Clerk Leslie Wilson, Turner chatted about old times and admired the abstract paintings that Wilson does as a hobby. When he got home, Turner wrote a short report of the visit, mailed it off to the London offices of Unilever Ltd., for which both men once worked.

Ex-Accountant Turner is part of a modest but highly effective organization through which Unilever, the world's sixth largest industrial complex, strives to brighten the lives of 15,000 retired employees in Britain. Unilever's Pensioners' Welfare Organization grew accidentally out of Britain's withholding tax. Writing its retired employees in 1944 to explain the new tax, the company got back what one official describes as "a shoal of letters" that had little to do with taxes. An elderly lady wrote a four-page note that ended, "I don't know why I've written all this. I just wanted someone to talk to." Deciding that other retired employees or their widows might want someone to talk to, Unilever established a special department with a fulltime staff of six, and signed up 266 unpaid volunteer visitors from among its pensioners.





FEB. 10, 1961...



ROYAL-GLOBE IS THERE





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 TIME, JANUARY 18, 1963



UNION MINIERE REFINERY & SMELTER AT JADOTVILLE
To the victor belong the taxes.

The visitors are mostly retired salesmen, since they are considered more experienced at making friendships. Volunteers try to visit from 15 to 20 people at least twice a year, often take their wives along on the theory that women can spot problems that a pensioner may be too shy to talk about. At a cost of about \$11,000 a year, Unilever reimburses visitors for their travel expenses and for the modest birthday or anniversary presents that each visitor is encouraged to give to the pensioners on his list. The only gift barred is cash. "Money may give the impression of charity," says a Unilever executive, "which is an impression we very much want to avoid."

Most pensioners on the Unilever visiting list held modest jobs in their days with the company, but any retired employee is visited if he wants to be. One newly named visitor, a retired secretary, discovered with apprehension that on her list was the name of a former Unilever director. Bravely bearding her man in his London hotel suite, the visitor to her astonishment was warmly welcomed and persuaded to stay for lunch. Says Unilever Pensions Officer Philip Clemow: "Senior people frequently are just as pleased to have someone take notice of them as those who were in junior jobs. Anyone can be lonely."

FRANCE

Morgan's Return

It was almost like the good old days. In an 18th century mansion on Paris' elegant Place Vendôme, Morgan & Cie., a name prestigious in French banking since the days of the Franco-Prussian War, last week reopened as an investment banking house. The reappearance of Morgan & Cie., complete with tellers' cages of gilded wrought iron, will remind a privileged minority of middle-aged Americans of the prewar years when Morgan's in Paris not only tended its clients' investments, but held their mail, minded their children, and saw their maids and steamer

trunks safely into the Ritz across the square.

The old Morgan & Cie. was obliged to abandon investment banking under a 1933 change in U.S. banking law, and disappeared entirely in the 1959 merger of its parent, J. P. Morgan & Co., with New York's Guaranty Trust. The new firm, organized by a Morgan Guaranty overseas subsidiary in alliance with London's Morgan Grenfell and two Dutch investment banking houses, occupies the same quarters its predecessor did but will carry out quite different functions. Henceforth, Morgan & Cie. will concentrate less on millionaires, more on European subsidiaries of U.S. companies. The bank plans to help them list shares on European exchanges and find loan capital in Continental markets. By these services and by drawing French capital into U.S. enterprises, says Morgan Guaranty President Thomas Gates, Morgan & Cie. "may have substantial beneficial effect on the U.S. balance of payments."

AFRICA

Katanga's Threatened Giant

Though its mines provided the uranium for the Nagasaki and Hiroshima A-bombs, the durable giant known as the Union Minière du Haut-Katanga had never been so preoccupied with explosives as it was last week. Outside the southern Katanga town of Kolwezi, unruly "gendarmes" in the service of Katanga's president Moïse Tshombe had wired demolition charges to two huge Union Minière power dams and threatened to push the plunger.

Destruction of the Kolwezi dams would unleash huge floods, wipe out at least one-fifth of Union Minière's \$600 million investment in Katanga and cut off 80% of the province's power supply. Some engineers doubted that the Katangese were expert enough to destroy the Kolwezi dams. And on the basis of the past track record of the Union Minière (which is controlled by Belgium's all-pervading Société Générale), many another observer was prepared to bet that the Kolwezi dams would survive.

Single Policy. In 2½ years of Congo turmoil, Union Minière has demonstrated a remarkable talent for survival. By pay-

ing Tshombe \$30 million to \$40 million a year in taxes, royalties and duties, and by shipping its exports out through Rhodesia and Portuguese Angola, Union Minière throughout the Congo crisis has maintained its rank as the world's third biggest producer of copper* and its biggest producer of cobalt. The company's sales did fall some 20% last year, but that was because of the slump in world metal markets. Union Minière actually raised its production of copper from 308,000 tons in 1959 to 324,000 tons last year.

Union Minière defends the fact that it has paid taxes to Tshombe rather than to the Congo's central government with the *realpolitik* argument that up to now Tshombe has been the effective power in Katanga. Last week, with Tshombe's star apparently sinking, the company began negotiating with the central government over future payments. To charges that the company has been meddling in Congolese politics, Union Minière Director Herman Robiliart snaps: "The policy of Union Minière is to produce copper."

Diversification Actions. Just now the Union Minière is not producing any copper; its installations at Elisabethville and Jadotville, now under U.N. control, have been temporarily damaged, and its Kolwezi facilities are occupied by the Katanga gendarmerie. But with its usual instinct for survival, the company has labored to appease both sides. At the big Jadotville copper and cobalt plant, Union Minière officials thwarted the "scorched earth" tactics of Tshombe's men by directing them to relatively easily replaceable facilities which were damaged with much fanfare. Shortly later, the same officials, many of whom had long praised Tshombe, turned out to receive the oncoming U.N. troops.

Even Union Minière, which might be expected to exaggerate in the hope of dissuading the Katangese from doing any more damage, says that the Jadotville plants could start rolling again in two to four months. Most outside observers figure that Union Minière will again be producing full blast well before that—provided the Kolwezi dams are not blown.

*After the U.S.'s Kennecott Copper and Anaconda.

*Originally an abbreviation for *compagnie*, the Cie. of Morgan & Cie. is no longer so considered, and the firm's name is commonly pronounced "Morgan and son."



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Yak Derby

Who's Got the Action? "You can't hate a man for liking animals." That's what the little lady (Lana Turner) says. But the man is her husband (Dean Martin), the animals are horses, and he loves them so much he spends \$8,000 in six months to improve the breed. In desperation, Lana decides to save both marriage and money by playing both bookie and bride. Using her husband's partner (Eddie Albert) for a front man, she secretly takes her husband's bets. "When he loses, I'll win," she thinks. "That way we'll keep the money in the family."

But the first time he bets he wins. Lana pawns her jewels to meet the ante. He wins again. Lana sells an antique clock. He wins again—big. She strips the flat. Dean is too plug-nutty to notice that his furniture is gone. With a grin that slits his throat from ear to ear he runs off to tell all his horseplaying pals about the bookie who brought him luck. They get all the cash they can carry and stack the packet on a three-legged lizard whose owner can't even sell it for dog meat. "Eighty to one!" Lana gasps with relief. "Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! It can't possibly win. Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!"

The syndicate has the last laugh in this yak derby, but the customers get most of the others. Written by Jack Rose and directed by Daniel Mann, *Action* is not the merriest oatmobile that ever came down the track, but Dean and Lana make a surprisingly smooth entry; Paul Ford is hilarious as a birdbrained, spaniel-eyed, llama-lipped pony player; and Walter Matthau has his moments as the big hairball who runs the syndicate—among them the deathless moment when, with a casual flick of his manicured fingers, he announces superbly: "Give dis genulman eighteen tousand dolluhs fun petty cash." The whole cast obviously enjoyed making the picture, and most spectators will find that the pleasure is mutual.

A God Descends

Arturo's Island. It's a wise child knows its own father in the best of families, and Arturo's family is plainly not the best. His mother died when he was born, and his father (Reginald Kerman) is a showy-shabby bird of passage who comes home to roost a couple of times a year. The boy (Yanni de Maigret), who is 15, lives all alone in a crumbling villa on a small Italian island, and in his innocence and need for an ideal imagines his old man as a far-wandering Odysseus, as a god whose advent must continually be implored. But when the god descends he scarcely condescends to notice the adoring boy, and in a day or two is gone again.

One day, without a word of preparation, the god brings home a bride (Key Meersman). Poor thing, she is only two years older than the boy, and the brute treats her just as badly. About two weeks after the wedding, without a word of preparation, he leaves her—pregnant. Alone together, the two children timidly fall in

love, and when the baby is born, the son assumes the responsibilities his father has shirked. When the father returns, the son sees with awful clarity that his idol has feet of clay. One day, without a word of preparation, the son leaves the island, quietly determined to become the man his father is not.

As described in a 1957 novel by Italy's Elsa Morante, the authoress wife of Author Alberto Moravia, Arturo was a brilliant youth whose imagination flashed all the colors of a Rimbaud. As depicted in Damiano Damiani's film version of the book, the boy seems more like the Tom Sawyer of the Tyrrhenian Sea. Nevertheless, his story is touching, and it is interpreted by all three principals with aplomb and sensibility.



LOVERS TCHERINA & BANOVITCH IN "LOVERS"
"What good is my body if you cannot have my soul?"

Nutty-Fruity

The *Lovers of Teruel* is two movies in four styles.

The movies:

► A ballet based on a Spanish legend.
► The story of three gypsies (Ludmila Tcherina, Milenko Banovitch, Milko Sparemblek) who live the legend as they dance it.

The styles:

► The here-comes-the-circus style of *commedia dell'arte*—the joint is jumping with dwarfs and zanies, harlequins and saltimbancos.

► The creepy-creepy style of romantic tragedy—the sets are smeared with ghastly blues and bilious greens, the ear is assailed with suffering violins and preposterously exalted sentiments: "What good is my body if you cannot have my soul?"

► The juvenile-Delinquent, symbol-banging style of surrealism—in almost every reel a riderless bicycle glides across the screen, or the villain saws his violin so furiously it bursts into flame.

► The we'll-try-anything-once style of the contemporary art film—the screen is lousy with montage, slow motion, stop motion, reversed negatives and flash-

backs within flashbacks within flashbacks.

Add them all together they spell pothole? Not at all. Director Raymond Rouleau, laboring like a Mixmaster, has produced a nutty-fruity confection of exquisitely deplorable taste. He is particularly fortunate in his heroine, Balzerina Tcherina. She doesn't really dance very well, but she sure does give the picture body.

Call of the Tame

The *Lion*. Africa is for the Africans: Connecticut is for people who can afford it. That's the moral of this movie, and it doesn't make much sense. But then the movie wasn't meant to make sense: it was meant to make money. It has one major star (William Holden), one good actor (Trevor Howard), one competent director (Jack Cardiff, who did *Sons and Lovers*), infinitudes of the usual fauna

and some spectacular shots of Mount Kenya. It also has a portly, natty, sophisticated Hollywood lion named Zamba, who looks as though he came from F.A.O. Schwarz and waddles like a middle-aged millionaire stuffed with Chateaubriand and Trancapal—what's more, while on location in Kenya he nibbled daintily on breast of chicken and disdainfully refused to associate with those poor, backward underdeveloped African lions.

Unfortunately, the picture also has a plot that attempts to solve—now really, fellows—a five-sided triangle: 1) mama (Capucine), 2) papa (Holden), 3) a great white hunter (Howard), 4) mama's darling (Pamela Franklin), 5) mama's darling's darling (Zamba). The great white hunter lures mama and her darling to his farm in Kenya, and for awhile mama really enjoys the back to nature bit. But when the kid falls in love with a lion, mama figures they have both gone too far back to nature, and ought to go back to the States. So she summons papa, and pretty soon all three of them go back to Connecticut. The hunter goes back to his wart hogs, and what's more he goes smiling. He seems to appreciate at last that there are boars—and bores.

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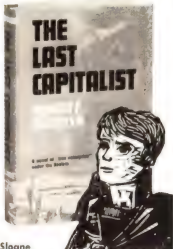
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ly often took the panes with them when they moved from one house to another.

Tolls & Tabulations. If a man had a bridge on his land, he charged neighbors and strangers a toll to cross it.* When a woman died, the church bell tolled six times. A man was worth nine. Then, after a pause, the exact age of the late member of the congregation was tintintabulated for all to note.

In a time when two-car garages have phony little haylofts and many a cocktail is supported by a specially crafted cobler's bench, the ways of the early Americans are more often exploited than understood. Eric Sloane understands them. He says that when he closes his hand around the handle of an old wooden tool, he can all but feel "the very hand that wore it smooth." He succeeds in handing the tool to his reader.

Frail Fits

THE FINE ART OF LITERARY MAYHEM (242 pp.)—Myrick Land—Holt Rinehart & Winston (\$5).

Visitors who dropped in at No. 27 Rue de Fleurus in Paris in the 1930s occasionally found Gertrude Stein waving a delicate handkerchief at her dog. "Play Hemingway," she would say. "Be fierce." The dog would growl.

Gertrude Stein's disenchantment with Hemingway touched off a literary brawl between the two that was better publicized than most but considerably tamer than some—as this lucid and witty guide to literary feuding demonstrates. The casual insult. Author Land points out, is not enough to constitute a feud. Carlyle, for instance, was not feuding with Emerson when he referred to him as "a hoary-headed and toothless baboon," or with Swinburne when he refused to meet him on the ground that he did not want to know a man who was "sitting in a sewer and adding to it." Nor was Truman Capote seriously feuding when he remarked of Jack Kerouac's work: "That's not writing, that's typing." Novelist Nelson Algren was unable to goad either Sloan Wilson or Herman Wouk into a full-dress feud when he wrote: "If *The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit* married Marjorie Morningstar on my front porch at high noon, I wouldn't bother to go to the wedding."

The truly great literary feuds lasted years, sometimes lifetimes, and were passionately contested. Literary men (literary women for some reason seldom seem to feud) are not necessarily more addicted to feuds than painters or musicians. But they are better equipped to conduct them, and in some cases they all but abandoned their careers to wage them.

Fool & Poet. Alexander Pope was such a compulsive feudsmen the wonder is that he had time to write at all. Small (4 ft. 6 in.), sickly, and morbidly sensitive, he

* A time-honored custom. Until eight years ago, Rhode Island's Rudolph F. Hallenreiter, the Narragansett beer king, owned the 6.1-to-11 Mount Hope suspension bridge on Route 114 which then averaged about 5,000 cars a day passing over a passageway.



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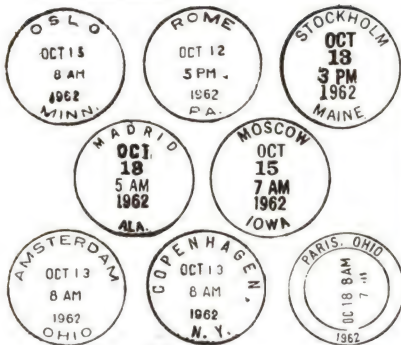
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despised the world with fine impartiality, managing to skewer 63 "major" enemies in his verses and more minor ones than anybody cared to count. But he always had venom to spare for Colley Cibber, the actor-turned-playwright who improbably became the poet laureate of England. Of Cibber's appointment, Pope wrote:

*In merry Old England, it once was the Rule,
The King had his Poet, and also his Fool.*

*But now we're so frugal, I'd have you to know it,
That Cibber can serve both for Fool and for Poet.*

Cibber retaliated by citing a friendly service he had done Pope. The poet, Cibber explained, had once been "slyly seduced to a certain house of carnal recrea-



RIVALS THACKERAY & DICKENS
The best of feuds lost a lifetime.

tion near the Haymarket" by a young nobleman who wanted to "see what sort of figure a man of [Pope's] size, sobriety and vigor (in verse) would make when the frail fit of love had got into him." Cibber, waiting in an adjoining room, became worried about Pope's health and the future of English poetry. He rushed through the door, "found this little hasty hero, like a terrible tomtit, pertly perching upon the mount of love" and pulled him away.

Unlucky Lender. Most literary feuds, Author Land demonstrates, have deceptively simple beginnings: Tolstoy not only refused for 17 years to talk to Turgenev, his neighbor, but threatened to shoot him as a result of a chat the two had had about bringing up a daughter. Dostoevsky insulted Turgenev in print and lampooned him in *The Possessed* (as Karamzinov) because unlucky Turgenev had made the mistake of lending him money. Thackeray and Dickens, as the two reigning Victorian novelists, were naturally wary of each other, but their feud did not really begin until Thackeray made some passing reference

Don't shove. There's room for everybody.

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to Dickens' well-known affair with Actress Ellen Ternan. After that, they never spoke until they passed one day in the lobby of a London club. Thackeray reached for Dickens' hand and said, "We have been foolish long enough." Several days later Thackeray was dead, and Dickens wept at his grave.

In 1944, Sinclair Lewis was attacked without warning by an old admirer, Critic Bernard DeVoto, who had once found Lewis "the finest American novelist of his period." Now DeVoto decided that Lewis was peddling a phony picture of America and suggested to his readers that "words like 'fool' and 'liar' might profitably come back to use." Lewis promptly obliged: "I denounce Mr. Bernard DeVoto as a fool and a tedious and egotistical fool," he wrote, "as a liar and a pompous and bore-some liar." And yet so tickle are literary tempers that after years of skirmishing, Lewis gave a speech enthusiastically seconding DeVoto's appointment to the National Institute of Arts and Letters.

Playwright Henry Arthur Jones, who quickly lost favor with post-Victorian audiences, denounced his old friend George Bernard Shaw as "an irresponsible braggart," a "blaring self-trumpeter" and "the pope of chaos." Max Beerbaum, who greatly admired Rudyard Kipling, observed caustically that "in Kipling's short stories, men are portrayed from an essentially feminine point of view." Said Alphonse Daudet, when asked to write an article about Zola's 20-volume history of the Rougon-Macquart family: "It would be to advise Zola to go and hang himself from the highest branch." Why did they feud? Says Novelist Vance Bourjaily, characterized by his friend Norman Mailer as "insignificant": "Literary feuding is one of a number of fairly silly things which writers do when they're not writing well... a sort of athletic metaphor for our real situation, and a very inaccurate one."

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George Winthrop is, in fact, one of Nature's ingloblemen. At 45, he is a one-time college athlete whose beef is long past prime, whose wife garden-clubs him with motherly contempt, and whose teen-aged children ignore him. Worst of all, he is an earnest yearner who writhes in the post of college vice president, a rank

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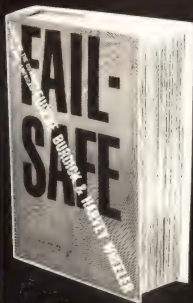
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Wilson places so low in the academic hierarchy that it seems to have been created solely to give professors of business administration something to sneer at.

What passions flicker beneath Georgie's grey flannel mortarboard? As the reader meets him, he is preparing to go horseback riding. A shrewd old groom suggests a placid bay, but Georgie rejects his advice and takes a balky black gelding. Of course he is thrown. No student of women's-magazine prose can fail to understand the symbolic significance of this, and it has nothing to do with horseback riding. The groom (servants are as clever as presidential speechwriters in this sort of fiction) is Fate, and Georgie's pettish assertion of masculinity means that he is in for about 300 pages of fatefulness.

Fate turns up in the form of a gorgeous 17-year-old bohemian named Charlotte, the daughter of Georgie's childhood love. Charlotte is a dreadful shock to everyone at Wellington College: they wear tweeds



SLOAN WILSON
More Porgie than Washington.

and say "homosexual"; she wears leotards and says "faggot." The scene in which this Lorelei reawakens the red-eared adolescent in Georgie is worth some study. They are alone; she reclines on black satin. She murmurs: "I was just wondering what would happen if, in addition to dinner and the ballet tonight, we gave ourselves some of the ultimate pleasures? If we are at all enlightened, would either of us be any the worse off for it tomorrow?" He answers that he would be. "For one thing," Georgie says, going on to mention two things, "my conscience would be wrecked, my self-respect demolished." The double-barreled cadence of this speech is almost perfectly unlike anything ever uttered in shy confusion by a college vice president.

Only the unreflective, however, will conclude from this that Georgie Winthrop is a wretchedly bad book. With the boldness of a man who knows his own worth, Wilson has challenged the traditional female domination of the Never-Novel, a literary form so named because 1) it must never stray beyond the boundaries of its papier-mâché and plaster never-never land, and 2) it must never, never surprise the reader with anything novel. Never-Novelist Wilson qualifies neatly on both points.



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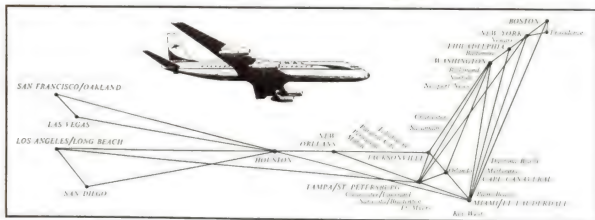
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